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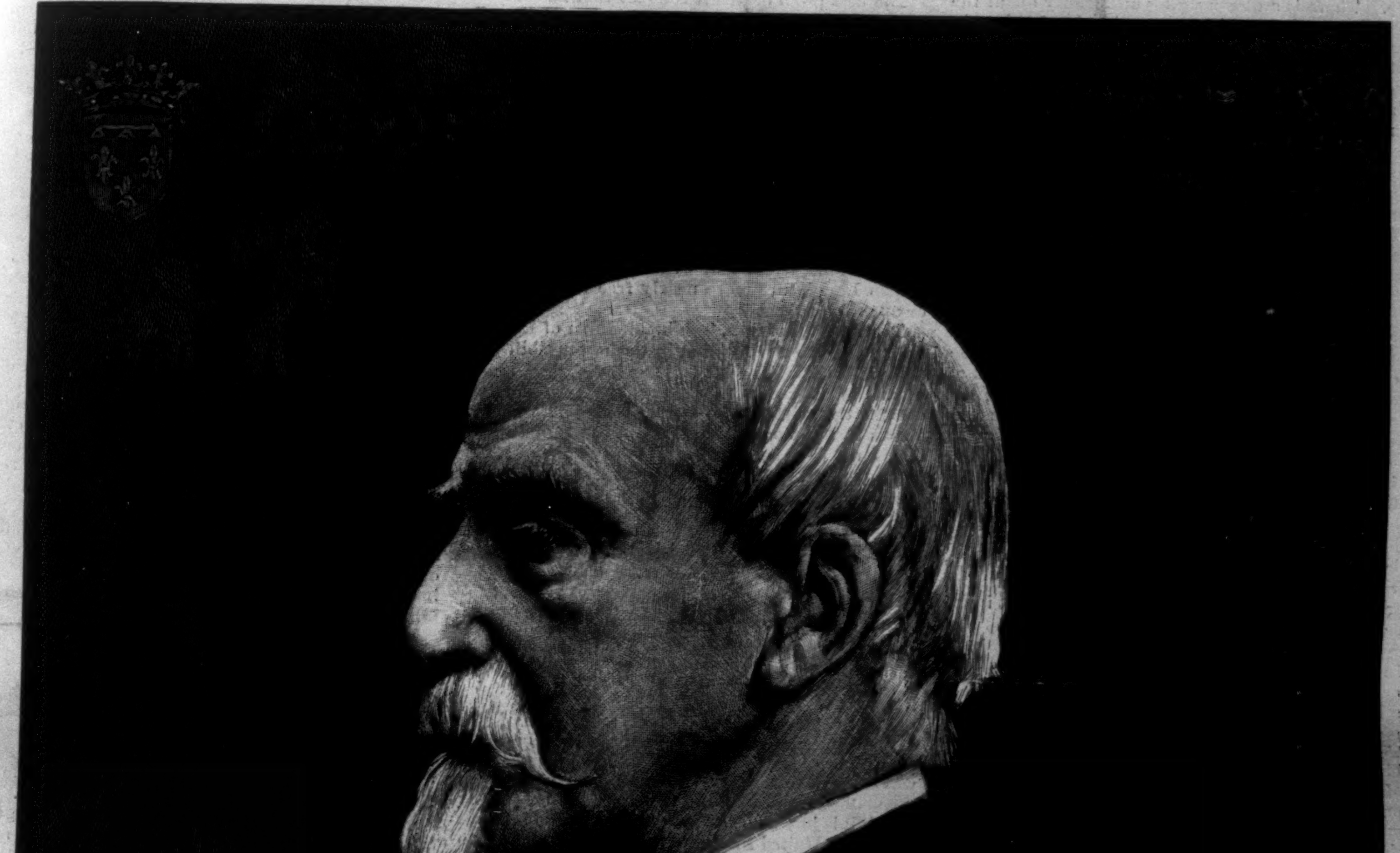

HENRI EUGÈNE PHILIPPE LOUIS D'ORLÉANS, DUC D'AUMALE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BONNAT.—[SEE PAGE 486.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE BREAK-DOWN OF LEGISLATURES.

Legislatures in a great majority of the States assembled early in January. Most of them have already adjourned, and the record of those which are still in session is practically made up. There is a discouraging uniformity about the popular verdicts which are rendered. With only rare exceptions, the people are profoundly dissatisfied with the work of their representatives. In some cases incompetency and inefficiency during the regular session have forced the calling of an extra session to transact absolutely essential business; in others weeks have been wasted in deadlocks over the choice of United States Senators, and in Oregon the entire session was thus wrecked; in still other cases, and these the most numerous of all, the law-makers have passed many unwise, reckless, and mischievous measures, or have only been restrained from such action by earnest expressions of public disapproval.

It is not too much to say that there is a practical break-down of our legislative system. It has ceased to be a representative system. Popular education is more general than ever before; the standard of public morality is higher than it used to be; the present efficiency of men in private business was never approached in the past. Theoretically the men chosen to a Legislature represent the people. If the people are gaining in education, morality, and efficiency, the men whom they elect to make laws for them should reflect this improvement. Yet there is general agreement throughout the country that legislators were never before so careless in the framing of laws, so ignorant as to the fundamental principles of government, so open to corrupt influences.

So utterly unrepresentative have Legislatures in many States become that they pass bills which are plainly opposed to the interests of their constituents, or are only deterred by the most energetic demonstrations on the part of the people. The new Constitution of New York requires every bill affecting any city to be submitted to the Mayor of that city after its passage at Albany, for his approval or disapproval. If he objects to its enactment, the Legislature may still pass it again, and if the Governor shall sign, it may become a law; but the plain intention of the constitutional provision is to furnish official evidence of local sentiment on the subject, with the expectation that such expression will be decisive. Nevertheless, the last Legislature in every case where a Mayor disapproved its action passed the bill a second time, often with every expression of contempt for the opposing sentiment to which the Mayor had given voice.

A controversy over street railway franchises in Chicago recently came to a head in the Illinois Legislature. There was no doubt whatever as to the feeling of the people most affected by the proposed legislation. It was made plain in every possible way—through the press, by public meetings, by statements sent to the capital. Chicago was as nearly unanimous as a great city ever can be in opposing a bill which would give the present street railway companies a monopoly of transportation privileges for fifty years. Yet the obnoxious bill was easily pushed through the Senate, and was only halted in the House by the holding of an impressive mass-meeting in Chicago, at which cool-headed speakers sternly rebuked those representatives who should be faithless to the interests of the people.

What is the explanation of all this? Why do our legislators decline in intelligence, efficiency, and character as the standard of each of these qualities rises among the masses? Why has the relation of the law-maker to the general public undergone so revolutionary a change that the ancient title "representative of the people" has become often an absurd misnomer? Why do we have to hold public meetings and to organize committees to visit State capitals while our Legislatures are in session to keep them from passing unwise, unjust, and corrupt measures, to which the great majority of the voters are opposed?

The answer to all such questions, puzzling as they seem at first thought, is really very simple. Legislatures as they were originally conceived are breaking down because the representative character of their members has changed. They have not ceased to represent somebody. They are as responsible now as they ever were in the past. But they represent a small organized element of the voters which is under the control of the "machine," and they are responsible to the boss of that machine. The founders of our system of government expected that legislators would heed the wishes of those to whom they owed their seats. They do recognize that obligation still. The only difference is that a large proportion of the members now secure the nomination which results in their election from an "organization" of a small number of the voters in one party. Knowing that the people had nothing to do with their choice, they feel that they owe allegiance only to the machine which gave them their seats.

The best proof of this is the fact that in the rare cases where a Legislature makes a good record investigation always shows that it has been free from control by this intermediary body. The verdict of the Wisconsin press upon the session which recently closed at Madison is extremely favorable. The general opinion of those who have watched the proceedings closely is that the majority of the members manifested a purpose to serve the people, showed a great respect for public sentiment, and acted in the interest of their constituents. This favorable judgment as to the record of the session is accompanied by the significant statement in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* that "there has been no Wisconsin Legislature more nearly free from bossism or one-man power."

The moral is plain. The break-down of Legislatures is due to a revolution in the responsibility of their members. The people have lost their old hold upon their representatives, and the machine has become the master. The experience of Wisconsin shows that a good Legislature can be secured when bossism is dispensed with. The only hope of relief is through the smashing of the machine wherever it exists.

THE INDEMNITY AND THE PARIS AWARD.

A correspondent takes the Weekly to task because in discussing the mission of Mr. Foster to London it observed that "Great Britain has in relation to this matter an outstanding claim against us, the validity of which the Paris tribunal affirmed."

For the benefit of our correspondent, and of other persons who may presumably be in the same condition of mind upon this subject, it may be worth while to rehearse again the facts upon which the statement of the Weekly was founded and by which it is justified. The tribunal decided in terms "that the United States had no right of protection or property in the fur-seals of Bering Sea outside the ordinary three-mile limit." It followed that any measures of protection which had been taken to the detriment of foreign sealers beyond the three-mile limit had been wrongfully taken. The arbitrators, to quote Secretary Gresham's communication to the House of Representatives of December 20, 1894, "unanimously found that a number of British sealing-vessels were seized in Bering Sea or warned therefrom by sealers of the United States on the days and at the places in the special finding mentioned, leaving for future determination the questions as to the value of the said vessels, and the questions whether the vessels mentioned in the schedule of the British case, or any of them, were wholly or in part the actual property of the citizens of the United States."

It was upon this state of facts that the Weekly said, not that the tribunal affirmed the validity of all the individual claims set forth in the British schedule—for that it carefully refrained from saying—but that it affirmed "the validity of the British claim against us." It was upon this state of facts, and having in view the uncertainty whether a mixed commission would decide all the British claims to be valid, under the rule laid down by the tribunal, and also, doubtless, to save trouble and delay, and to get rid at once of this minor and preliminary question, which obstructed the consideration of the main question of the future protection of the seals, that Secretary Gresham offered the lump sum of $425,000 to the British government in full of all demands. It was upon this state of facts that Sir Julian Pauncefote accepted the offer, by reason, as he wrote, of "its assurance of prompt payment," and "although the amount is much below the estimate of the compensation which might be awarded by a mixed commission."

After two years and a half "the assurance of prompt payment" has not been kept, though the failure is not that of the executive branch of our government. But it is perfectly plain that a denial that the Paris tribunal affirmed the validity of the claim against us on account of the seizure of British sealers is a mere quibble, and that any argument that may be based upon that quibble is mere pettifogging.

THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

A tariff bill must be judged by its fitness to attain a special end. It may be framed with the purpose of decreasing revenue, of encouraging industry, of protecting the farmer against competition, or of obtaining more revenue. It may even accomplish two of these objects, the one directly, and the other by indirection. But the standard of judgment is supplied by the more important of the intentions. There can be no doubt that at the present juncture revenue is the leading object. The industries of the land are depressed, but so are the industries of every great manufacturing people. The farmers of the United States have passed through a series of very trying years, but they have of late enjoyed better returns, and have the promise of even greater prosperity in the near future. The railroads have suffered in full sympathy with industry and agriculture, but out of their defaults and failures will come a stronger system, competent to withstand greater stress and more severe depression. There is no branch of manufacture that can be more than temporarily stimulated by an increased tariff, and there are many branches that are reaching out for foreign markets, at last able to compete successfully with their European competitors. Protection from imported manufactures cannot bring any but a limited prosperity, for the people of the United States are more independent of foreign supplies than they ever have been, and what they import forms a very small part of their total consumption.

The Dingley bill erred in making protection the main object of any tariff legislation. The Senate bill is a more intelligent measure because it recognizes revenue as the principal end. It contains some purely revenue duties. From sugar, tea, tobacco, beer, and raw wool additional revenue to the amount of $35,000,000 can be obtained in a year of ordinary business activity, without materially increasing the cost of living. To that extent the bill is a good one.

It also marks a commendable change of policy. In going out of the customs for revenue the committee which made the bill shows its appreciation of the danger of relying further on that branch of income for any notable and immediate increase. The tendency in the past has been to lay too heavy burdens on commerce, and when trade is depressed and imports moderate in amount, less revenue is yielded at a time when the need is the greatest. In taxing beer, and laying a duty on an article of general consumption, like tea, the true sources of revenue are tapped. Extreme protection, on the other hand, destroys revenue.

The Senate measure also recognizes the great change that has occurred in economic conditions since 1890, and has sought to arrange the rates of duties accordingly. As a result, hundreds of Dingley rates are cut down, and many of his proposed rates have been rejected as extreme. The retroactive clause, which created such a flurry among importers and cost them a good sum, is wiped out. The reciprocity clause of the House bill is rejected, and the treaty with Hawaii is to be abrogated. Liberal concessions are made in the free import of works of art and books printed in a foreign language. As a whole the bill is a great improvement upon that of the House.

On the other hand, the bill contains features which deserve strong condemnation, the details of which will be noted as the measure is perfected.

TRUSTWORTHY NEWS FROM CUBA.

Mr. Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr., who is known to the readers of the Weekly through his narratives and pictures of scenes and occurrences in Cuba, fell into disfavor with the Spaniards last year, as will be remembered, and was shut up for some weeks in Morro Castle. When he was liberated, finding the time and circumstances inopportune for further observations, he returned to New York. After a short period of rest and the renewal of his energies and equipment, he went back to Havana, and busied himself once more in acquiring such information about matters in Cuba as Americans would wish to share, and in making photographs with which to illustrate his stories. Leaving Havana, he penetrated with a guide into the part of the island held by the insurgents and joined the force under General Gomez. Having seen all that was to be seen in that quarter, and used his camera freely, he returned to Havana, and thence to New

York, and has prepared a series of articles in which the results of his energetic labors are set forth. No information of equal value from Cuba has lately found its way into print. So far as the WEEKLY knows, no other correspondent has been able to do what Mr. DAWLEY has done, or to bring back to New York information comparable in interest and value with what he has brought home. The first of his articles, telling of his search for General GOMEZ, appears, with accompanying pictures, in this week's issue. The succeeding articles, all illustrated by photographs made on the spot, will treat of insurgent camp life, of General GOMEZ, his dealings with his soldiers, and his methods of campaigning, describing how he fights the Spaniards, and what a battle in Cuba is like. Mr. DAWLEY tells also of the meeting between General GOMEZ and the negro general QUINTIN BANDERAS; he tells about the sources of the insurgents' food-supply; describes the remarkable apparatus by which the insurgents administer their civil government; and tells of the government workshops. The whole of the situation in Cuba Mr. DAWLEY has not, of course, been able to cover. General GARCIA and his force he did not join. But what he has seen he knows, and his narrative, backed by the pictures that accompany it, carries the assurance of authenticity on its face. It gives the WEEKLY special satisfaction to offer records of such exceptional value to the consideration of its readers.

THE CHARACTER-INHERITANCE OF THE HELLENES.

THE Hellenic nation of to-day is a curiously interesting survival of hereditary traits and tendencies. The ancient Greeks were divided into many governments, differing in form, and these various commonwealths and principalities embodied many divergent characteristics in the peoples they controlled. In no modern sense did a Hellenic nation exist. But there were common elements of religion, manners, and culture which made a distinct Hellenic civilization and built the base of a common character, however varied in special traits. As time went on, this was more and more dominated by Athenian forces, both for defect and strength, especially after Athens took the lead in the permanent defeat of Persian invasion.

During that immense period of decadence and dry-rot, ending in the chaos of Turkish rule, extending over more than twelve centuries, which transformed the Greek into a political slave, whose only mutation was that of a change of masters, one might easily fancy that the essential character of the Greek would have changed. Yet, strange to say, just as his language is even closer to the classic tongue than modern English is to the English of CHAUCER, so the Hellene, who has lately been fighting with the Turk and threatening to dethrone his King because victory has gone against him in the field, is the natural child of the old Athenian *demos*, which played such childish tricks with the oyster-shell. The same passionate patriotism, the same volatile wrath, the same impulsive and splendid gallantry of temper, at times so recklessly cruel, which swayed the ancient Athenian, control the moods of the contemporary Greek, for Athens now gives tone to the whole of Hellenic life, as it did of old. And in political matters this is even a more patent fact than in other ways, for modern Athens is the capital of a Greek nation, the seat of the court and Boule, and in close touch with all the mainsprings of a national government. The enormous potential power of a Greek mob in affecting the currents of the most vital affairs is a force always to be reckoned with.

The popular outcry against the dynasty of King GEORGE has been raised with great violence, and there seems to be a disposition to hold the King and Prince CONSTANTINE personally responsible for the disasters of the campaign. How far the Greek monarch knew the lack of preparedness in all military essentials, which has blighted success in the field, it is impossible to know. That he was loath to begin the struggle, and only put himself at the van of the wave of national enthusiasm because he knew that otherwise he would need at once to pack his trunks for Denmark, is now established beyond surmise. If he should be compelled to abdicate, because the Hellenes shall have been finally defeated, it will be the fruit of the same instability of temper which ostracized Aristides because people were tired of hearing him called "the Just," and banished Themistocles, the creator of Greek naval power, which saved Greece at Salamis.

The Hellene is the Frenchman of the East. It is to be hoped that the Jacobin will not sway Athens in the final political outcome as he lorded it over Paris and France in the revolution of 1793. Not that "a reign of terror" could possibly be anticipated, for all the predicates of national life are essentially different. But it is easy to foresee that the blind rage and baffled patriotism of the Greeks might topple over the present dynasty, a short time since as well beloved of the people as any royal family in Europe. It would be another example of heredity of race temperament.

INVITING A DELUGE.

ADVICES from Washington authorize the belief that the non-introduction of a bill for the appointment of a commission to consider and frame a plan of monetary reform for submission to Congress is not owing to any unwillingness of President MCKINLEY to have such a measure brought forward, but to the questionable attitude of some of the Republican leaders in Congress itself. It is said that President MCKINLEY sincerely desires to address a special message to Congress recommending the immediate adoption of such a measure, that the principal, if not the only consideration which holds him back is the apprehension that the present temper of the two Houses would make it alarmingly uncertain whether such a measure would pass, and that a failure of it would leave matters in a condition much worse than that at present existing. That a failure of the measure in Congress would have a disastrous effect is undoubtedly true. But that such a failure in Congress should be among the possibilities is hardly conceivable, if the Republicans in the national legislature are in a sane state of mind.

The more sagacious among them cannot but have arrived at the conclusion by this time that since the Presidential election the affairs of the party in power have been managed with singular improvidence. When last winter, during the short session of the late Congress, the Committee of Ways and Means of the House invited manufacturers and others interested in productive industries to appear in Washington for a hearing, they ought to have known that such an invitation was equivalent to the opening before the whole country of a big grab-bag into which every one desiring to get an advantage through tariff legislation would be at liberty to thrust his hands. The effect was what the effect of similar hearings always has been—to create a rush of greed which would sweep irresistibly over the original intentions of the legislators, and produce a tariff far higher, far more irregular, far more regardless of the general interests of the country, than the legislators would ever have been tempted to make had they turned away instead of inviting the ruthless invasion of private cupidity. The ulterior effect will also be the same it always has been. The favored interests have had their hearing in the committee-rooms of Congress; the consumers, the great mass of the people, will have their hearing at the polls.

But however great this mistake was, far greater is the blunder which consists in delaying proper action on the monetary question. No sensible person will regard the sending out of those amiable gentlemen in search of international bimetallism as a step in that line. Could not that aimless missionary venture be looked upon as a mere perfunctory compliance with the words of the Republican platform, it would appear as a mockery of the efforts and hopes of those who in the late Presidential campaign honestly fought for sound money. The failure to do anything serious during all these months, after a victory won by a combination of forces formed on this very ground, has not only a pungent flavor of faithlessness about it, but, if much longer continued, it will gravely imperil the possibility of doing anything valuable in the future, and thus doom the party in power to merited disgrace and defeat. It cannot be too often repeated that those Republicans who think that a mere raising of tariff rates will be sufficient to restore to this country its business enterprise and prosperity are egregiously mistaken—not as if the American people could not prosper under a higher tariff, for they have in the past actually prospered more or less under any sort of tariff—but because they cannot have real and enduring prosperity, whatever their tariff, so long as that confidence which is necessary for the expansion of business enterprise is prevented from reviving by that threatening condition of our monetary system which of late years has so grievously distressed us.

There is much less of that confidence now than there was immediately after the late Presidential election. Whoever wishes to satisfy himself of this fact need only listen to the reasoning of those who have capital to put into business ventures, and who, under more reassuring circumstances, would be willing and even eager to do so. Abroad as well as at home the feeling and the talk are the same. Immediately after the election everybody was inclined to think that the movement for free coinage and repudiation had received its death-blow, that the American people had successfully stood the crucial test of their honesty and good sense, and that the party raised to power would instantly take up the problem of currency reform with intelligence and fidelity. The conduct of the Republicans in Congress last winter gave this hope the first shock. And now the utter neglect with which the monetary problem is treated after the assembling of Congress in special session makes people believe, here as well as abroad, that the American people may be sensible and honest enough, but that they have fallen under the control of politicians who either do not know what to do with the victory they have won, or who wantonly run after strange gods; and that therefore the free-coinage and repudiation movement, far from having been killed at the last election, may turn up again far more formidable and dangerous than ever. So long as such opinions prevail among investors and business men generally there will be no confidence. And so long as there is no confidence there will be no real revival of prosperity. And if by the time the next Congressional election comes on confidence is not restored in a sufficient degree to permit a perceptible revival of prosperity, the Republicans will be beaten and lose their majority in the House of Representatives. If they lose that, their power over legislation and currency reform will be gone. They will then approach the next Presidential election with nothing to show except a tariff likely to provoke a violent reaction by itself, and a record of broken pledges as to the money question and perhaps some other things. The result will be their utter discomfiture. This is as certain as fate and as plain as the multiplication table. What the consequences of such a defeat would be, nobody can now foretell.

Even if the Republicans in Congress cared nothing about those consequences, if they had nothing in view but the prosperity of their party, can they be blind to the inevitable effects which their trifling with the monetary problem will have? Are they not aware of the impression produced upon the popular mind by the spectacle presented by the House of Representatives in its systematic idleness? Do they not know that the people are looking on with constantly growing astonishment and disgust as the House recklessly squanders day after day and week after week while the most important problem the country has had to deal with for a generation waits in vain to be taken up? Are they so obtuse as not to see how the silver Democrats chuckle over the pit the Republicans are digging for themselves, and how slyly the opposition is helping the majority party to walk into it? Should not the Republican leaders, even if impelled only by motives of mere party selfishness, strain every nerve to remove the obstacles there may be, if there be any, to the passage of a monetary-commission bill, and thank President MCKINLEY with their whole hearts for his willingness to give the matter forthwith a good start by a special message?

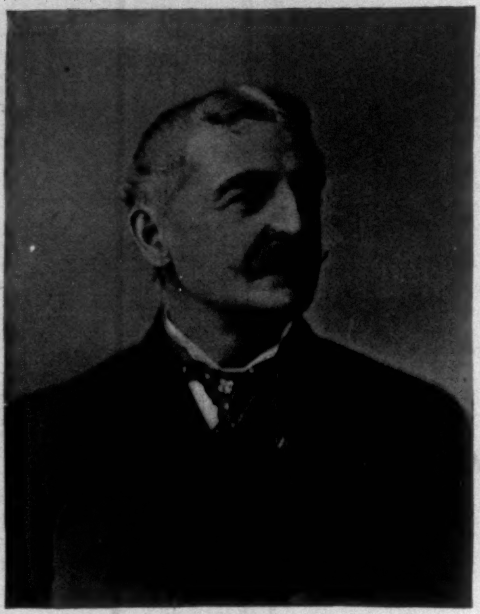
And what is the favorite use made by members of Congress of the time thus withheld from the most urgent public business? To besiege the President in the White House for the purpose of torturing him into giving offices to their hangers-on, and thus to keep him from doing a President's real business; to rush from department to department for the purpose of persuading the cabinet ministers and their bureau chiefs that certain classes of places must be withdrawn from the civil service rules, to give Congressmen facilities for unloading their friends and clients upon the public purse. And it is reported that they have actually succeeded in beguiling or dragooning one or two department chiefs into accepting the belief that the classified service must be mutilated and that the solemn pledges of the party must be dishonored, apparently to enable the department chiefs to select their own "confidential" men, but in reality to give places to men whom members of Congress wish to dump upon them. Thus the time of Congress is not only lost to what is necessary, but it is also employed for what is hurtful to the public interest and dishonorable to the party. Do members of Congress think that such things can pass without public observation, and that broken pledges will fail to turn up in the reckoning to come? Surely, unless they have entirely forgotten the political record of the last twenty years, they cannot still indulge in the silly delusion that in our days a political party can strengthen itself by grabbing patronage, especially when this is done by a breach of plighted faith. Taking it all in all, it will be difficult to find in our political history party men that invited crushing defeat so systematically as the Republicans in Congress are inviting a deluge now.

CARL SCHURZ.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art is one of the few things in New York that have a right to bear the adjective in its title. It is, in fact, a metropolitan institution. Considering that its evolution from the small nucleus with which it started in its hired quarters in Fourteenth Street has taken place not merely within a generation, but that its principal benefactors then are its principal benefactors now, its evolution has been amazing. For really it is already one of the great museums of the world, and in certain lines is in advance of any museum in the Old World. That there should be in America an institution to which European archæologists in certain specialties have to resort in order to allay the vexed questions in their specialties is a great distinction for New York, and reflects honor upon the whole country.

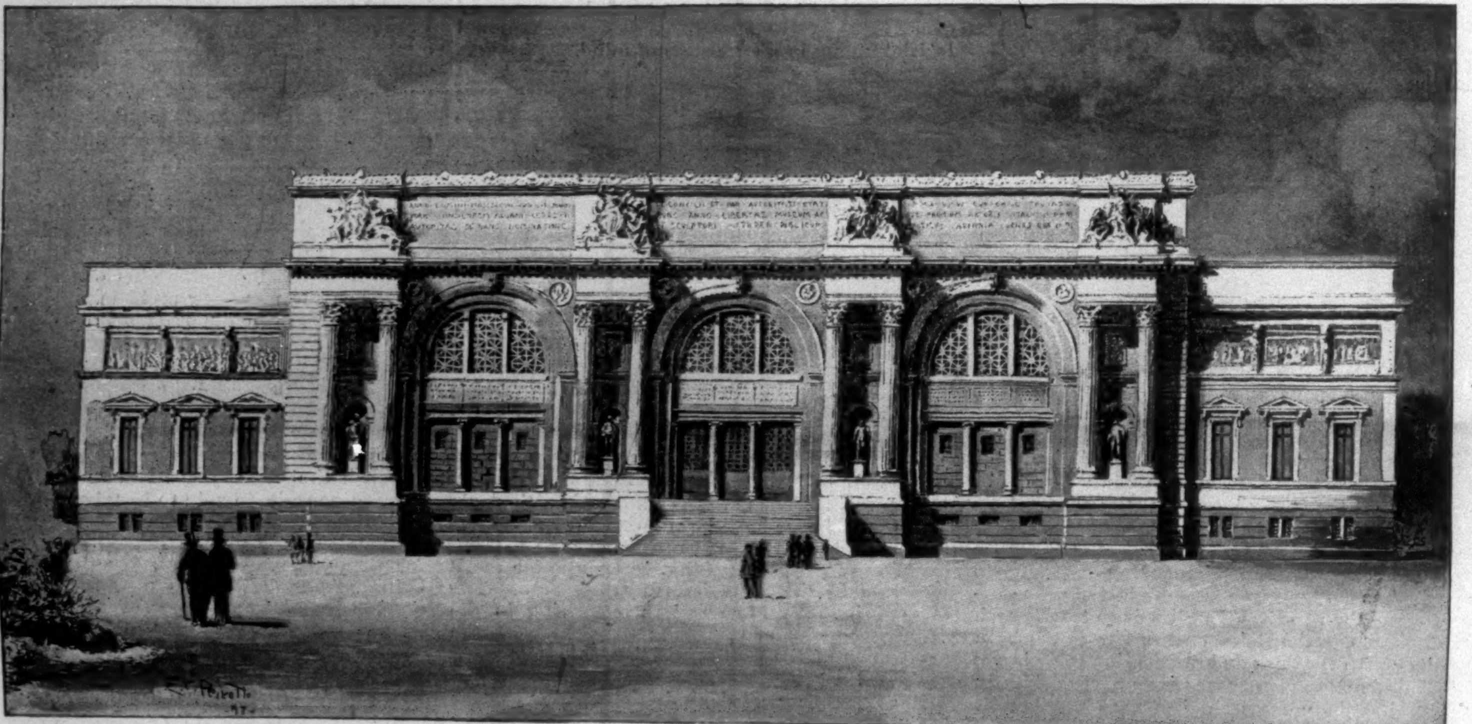
Very probably it was a mistake to establish the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park, and to make this single and signal exception to the rule that the Park shall be maintained solely as a park, as a charming *rus in urbe*. In fact, *velléités* have been shown by other artistic institutions towards that taking possession of the Park for their own purposes which they strongly and properly resent respecting any other purpose not distinctively its own. The allurements of a gratuitous building site are very great. And if any cultivated stickler for the reservation of the Park to its own uses were asked whether he would rather have the Metropolitan Museum where it is or not to have it at all, he would not hesitate about his answer. The exception is not likely to be drawn into a precedent, and it is really an exception that proves the rule. At any rate, the museum is quite safe to remain in the Park. The investment has long been too serious to be abandoned. And so there will be no difficulty in extending the investment, as time and means serve, to the completion of the whole magnificent project, in which the buildings already erected take their places as a mere central nucleus, and are invisible from the outside—a result which lovers of architecture can contemplate with equanimity.



REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD W. MEADE.—[SEE PAGE 500.]

The project is that of the late Richard Morris Hunt, and it is laid out on a scale so monumental and grandiose as to show that it was not for nothing that his own first professional employment was in the extension of the Louvre. But while the project in its outline was completed by him, it was not in any part carried out to completion. It is the indications of his sketch that have been worked out in detail by his son and successor, Richard Howland Hunt, in the beginning of the enclosure of the existing museum. This beginning, here illustrated, is in itself a very considerable building, measuring some 300 feet by 100, and estimated to cost about a million. This and a connection, or neck, of 100 feet by 65 is the extent of the work that is authorized now to be undertaken, and is a work of considerable magnitude. But it becomes much more insignificant in one aspect and more significant in another when it is regarded in its relation to the whole. It is the central part of the Fifth Avenue front of a pile which is ultimately to cover a space of 1500 feet by 700, and virtually to occupy the space between the east drive and the east wall of the Park.

Although the design of this frontal block, as is visible from the published elevation, and even more from the sections, is monumental in scale and conception, almost beyond any existing example of similar architecture in New York, it is also highly utilitarian, and the space is available for the purpose of exposition. Happily the two purposes do not here conflict. Neither the cases which are to cover the floors nor the objects which are to be hung against the walls can at all compete



THE PROPOSED ENLARGEMENT OF THE MUSEUM—THE CENTRAL BUILDING OF THE FIFTH AVENUE FRONT.—RICHARD HOWLAND HUNT, ARCHITECT.

ALTAR-PIECE.
Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

"DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FROM HAVRE."—BY A. P. DAWANT.
Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mr. Thomas Achelis.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK—THE NEW WING AND SOME RECENT ACQUISITIONS.

Prefecto at Calabazo.

THE PREFECTO AT PURIAL.

THE REAR OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S TENT,
Showing two Members of the General's Staff, with Bugler between them.

A DESERTER TO THE CUBAN RANKS.
Formerly a Trumpeter in the Spanish Army.

MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE CUBAN INSURGENTS, AND HIS HEADQUARTERS IN A FIELD.
General Gomez is the Figure with the white Beard seated in a Hammock reading a Paper.

THE PREFECTURA OF SANTA TERESA.

MY BLACK GUIDE FROM LIMONES TO THE PREFECTURA AT PURIAL.

A PREFECTURA IN A LITTLE CLEARING OF A DENSE FOREST.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS—IN SEARCH OF GOMEZ.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR., OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

with the effect of the great apartments in which they are to be housed. The new building is to consist, internally, of three nearly square bays, each domed and amply lighted from above. The vista which opens from the main entrance on Fifth Avenue is to be extended, by means of the connecting corridor, an additional hundred feet to the existing buildings, and all this space also will be available for the purposes of the museum. Even with the great increase in its accommodations so lately made by the addition of the north wing, the museum is already in many of its departments pressed for room, and this addition to the space available will not be supplied before it is urgently needed. In material, as well as in design, the new building will mark an advance over the old monumental quality, for in place of brick-work relieved with stone, it will be in a monochrome either of marble or light limestone.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

LONDON, *April 21, 1897.*

THE cynical indifference of great Christian nations to the welfare and even the sufferings of weaker nationalities has been strikingly illustrated in recent years, and by no nation so strikingly as our own great republic. Thousands of Christians have been butchered by the Turks, and even our own mission stations have been destroyed, yet not a single American man-of-war has gone to Constantinople for the purpose of giving some protection to our own people. There was once a wild story afloat that the *Bancroft* was about to go there, and great was the joy amongst the persecuted people, who fondly believed that the United States is a great, generous government, ready to strike for liberty and justice where the older nations fear to meddle. But the story proved a hoax, and the Turks went on butchering with impunity.

At last feeble little Greece can no longer stand by and see her fellow-Christians in Crete treated with cruelty, and so single-handed she has rushed at Turkey, and by the time this letter reaches you, may be completely defeated, while Germany, Russia, and England stand by with folded hands, consenting to the further rule of the Sultan.

It seems to me only yesterday that I landed at the Piræus, along with the German Emperor, who had come to marry his sister to the Crown-Prince of Greece. That seemed a good omen for the future, and it was eminently fitting that Germany, which has done so much for the diffusion of classical knowledge, should have a strong protecting voice in regard to the development of this little people. But the opportunity was not utilized as it might have been; the German Emperor went on from here to Constantinople, and from that day to this German policy appears to have been directed rather to the maintenance of the Sultan than the lifting up of Greece into a strong European power. I do not believe that the Emperor likes the Sultan, or that he dislikes the Greeks, but he has from Bismarck and his grandfather inherited the political tradition that Germany must stand well with Russia, no matter what private feelings may be. Russia and Germany are to-day the only two countries whose monarchs pretend to govern by divine right as opposed to constitutional limitations; and, after all, it is the monarch's first business to see that his monarchy is strengthened, that is to say, his own personal power. This must explain the strange indifference of Germany towards fellow-Germans in the Baltic provinces of Russia, who are daily crying for assistance against Russian Church tyranny; for the Baltic provinces are Protestant, and the pledges which Russia gave these provinces when she annexed them have been sadly violated within the last ten years. This also explains why the German government stands by while thousands of Roman Catholic Poles are persecuted on the mere ground of race and religion. This all seems odd, and makes one smile in recalling Bismarck's famous piece of parliamentary bunkum, "We Germans fear God, but nothing else."

Austria, strange to say, is to-day a more liberal country as regards the treatment of subjects whose religion and race antagonize the government than either Germany or Russia. The Emperor Franz Joseph learned tolerance before he had been three years upon the throne, and to-day, in spite of all his military reverses, he is undoubtedly, with a possible exception of Queen Victoria, the most popular sovereign upon any throne. He is a gentleman through and through, does not waste his popularity by talking at random, and, above all, does not daily usurp the functions of his constitutional ministers of state. Austria is about the only great power I can recall which in recent years has given increased political liberty and tranquillity to territories which she has annexed. I refer, of course, to Bosnia and Herzegovina, which have been under her liberal government raised from comparative anarchy to a high state of economic prosperity.

The attitude of England towards the Greek war is inexplicable, excepting in so far as we feel with the English government that the disruption of Turkey means a great European war. Public sentiment in England is, I believe, wholly on the side of the Greeks, because it is the side of justice as well as the side of the weak. On all sides I hear nothing but praise and wonder at the reckless courage with which this poor little country is once more taking arms against the ruffian of the Hellespont.

On the occasion of the royal wedding to which I alluded it was pathetic to notice the national poverty, as reflected not merely by the people who lined the railway between Patras and Corinth, but to note that even their little army was not uniformly clothed for the great parade before the War Lord of Germany. I saw, for instance, many mounted artillerists who had improvised spurs for this occasion by hammering horseshoe nails into their boot heels. The harness in many cases was so rotten with age or neglect that it had to be patched here and there with pieces of different-colored leather, and in some instances I even saw the mending done by means of strings and ropes' ends.

This all tells of poverty, but poverty never yet stopped a war when liberty was at stake. The Turks themselves were poor enough when they resisted Russia in 1877, and compared to the Turks the Greeks to-day are even poorer. Yet on their side they have great advantages in that their country is mountainous, and they have a hardy peasantry fighting with them—men accustomed to bear arms, and inspired by a magnificent patriotism. Besides these advantages they have a fleet that insures to them safe sea communication for transport service, and as the spring grows into summer the question of victualling the army will grow easier for Greece and more and more difficult for Turkey.

The Turks will soon have to bring all their stores with them, which means a long line of communication that must be protected at great and ever-increasing cost. Yesterday I was looking over some manuscript relating to the American war, and discovered some letters from the chief inspector of stores in New York, who as early as 1777, before the battle of Saratoga, reported to the London government that they could not subsist from what they could forage in America, but must have everything sent out from England—even oats and hay for the horses, to say nothing of flour and food generally for the men.

If this was true of English troops operating with a complete command of the sea along a seaboard more than a thousand miles long, amongst a people who spoke their own language, and who were in many instances in sympathy with the mother-country, how much more difficulty will Turkey experience in Greece, where religion, language, race, separate the two people completely, and where the Greeks can easily remove or destroy every article of food as they retire to their capital.

For my part I sincerely hope that our moral conscience will be awakened before long, and that we may send a strong squadron to act in sympathy with Greece, and show the world that we have not lost the vigorous capacity for good which characterized the men who shed their blood for the abolition of slavery, to say nothing of our English ancestors, who fought England for seven years for the mere sentimental privileges attaching to English citizenship.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

OPENING THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

ALTOGETHER it was a great day, though a keen wind from the north blew all of Southern softness out of the air. A cloudless sky of the coldest liquid blue overarched the damp, well-grassed stretches of this newest White City. The sun shone goldenly for all its lack of warmth—a lack most notable when it lay upon the face of the waters. Here or there a minor fountain flung jets of spumy spray into the teeth of the tricky wind. Overhead a hundred banners flapped and snapped, and made blotches of gaudy color against the sky.

Outland strangers shivered a bit, and said things about the weather. Not so the thoroughbred Tennesseeans. They were too full of patriotic and hospitable pride to be conscious of any mere mundane conditions. For Tennessee had put her hand to the plough, her shoulder to the wheel, a good two years back, undaunted by hard times, by strenuous politics, by moving accidents of flood and fire—and here was the beautiful result.

That is the Centennial key-note—intense delight in what has been done, no less than in the doing of it. There is gratitude not less intense for the world outside, which has come so gallantly to the State's help. The four quarters of the globe have responded to the State's hearty invitation. Notwithstanding, the State itself, its people, and what they have wrought in its behalf, are the things which are best worth a journey to see.

No commonwealth of the forty-five has more history to exult in than Tennessee. And certainly none other more cherishes her past or more exults in the promise of her future. Every opening-day speech touched some phase of this State feeling, yet all breathed equally a loyal devotion to American institutions.

A representative gathering filled the Auditorium and crowded the platform upon May 1. In the audience you saw men of the mountains, lean, lank, long-bearded—acquainted no doubt with moonshine stills and the product thereof—touching elbows with belles of the rich midland, brave in frocks that smelled of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Ministers were there, lawyers, doctors, merchants, solid ranks of farmer folk, and very plentifully the stranger within the gates. Every age, color, and condition of the populace came out to see and to hear.

The buildings, while of individual excellence architecturally, are perhaps a trifle too crowded for the finest scenic effect. The Fine Arts Building in particular loses through lack of isolation. It stands well, crowning a green rise, but has not the distances and separateness it deserves as the first exact reproduction of the Parthenon.

Everywhere something remains to be done, to be developed, yet the fair was more nearly complete upon opening-day than any other has ever been. Everything is well in hand, and the end in plain sight.

At the close of the dedicatory exercises President J. W. Thomas arose and dictated a message to President McKinley, asking him to set in motion the machinery exhibit. In the halts of his dictation you might have heard a pin drop. The clicking of the telegraph keys came clearly to all ears. Not a soul stirred or whispered after the last word was ticked off, until the boom of a gun outside said that the wheels had begun to turn. Then came cheers, and Mr. Thomas declared the exposition opened.

All this happened on Saturday, May 1. Monday the Woman's Building had an opening of its own. Mrs. Kirkman, as president of the Woman's Board, made the address. Mrs. McClung of Knoxville made the opening prayer. Verily "the world do move" when such a thing comes to pass in the conservative South country. If St. Paul had heard it, maybe he might have somewhat modified his stern edict, Suffer not a woman to speak in meeting.

Though the Woman's Building is more nearly filled and finished than any of the others, it still lacks a few last fine touches. Among other attractions it shows a model studio offset by a model kitchen, a colonial bedroom balanced by a sales-room for the latest work in applied art. It has an Egyptian library containing only books written by women. There is a roof garden too, and cozy corners draped with homespun woven and dyed a hundred years ago.

First to last, in great features and in small, the exposition is more than creditable to Tennessee, which, as the third State to join the original thirteen, was also the last to be admitted within the lifetime of Washington.

THE DUC D'AUMALE.

THE death of the Duc d'Aumale on May 6, in his villa at Zucco, Sicily, of cardiac apoplexy, was due, it seems, to the shock of hearing of the death of his kinswoman, the Duchesse d'Alençon, in the Paris fire.

The Duc d'Aumale had many titles to celebrity. He was the son of a king; he had won high distinction in the military service of France; he was very rich, a noted collector, the owner of Chantilly and the donor of it to France, a member of the Institute and once its president, and finally a historian.

He was born in Paris January 16, 1822, the fourth son of King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, his name being Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d'Orléans. He entered the army at seventeen, and made a campaign in Algeria the following year with his brother the Duke of Orleans. In 1841 he returned to France and finished his military education; then back to Algeria, where, at twenty-one, he made a military reputation by a brilliant campaign, in which he captured the camp of Abd-el-Kader with 3600 prisoners, papers of value, and a rich treasure. This exploit made him a lieutenant-general, and brought him the command of the province of Constantine. In 1844, between campaigns in Algeria, he married Marie de Bourbon, daughter of Prince Leopold of Salerno. In 1847 he became Governor-General of Algeria, and held that office when Abd-el-Kader surrendered to the French.

The revolution of 1848 cut short his military career. He resigned his command, and his family being banished from France, he joined them in England. He was now twenty-six. For the next twenty-three years, until after the Franco-Prussian war and the downfall of Napoleon III., he spent most of his time in England. He had two estates there—one in Worcestershire, and one near Twickenham on the Thames. As heir of the house of Condé he possessed a great fortune, and he interested himself in collecting pictures against the time when he should be free to live in France at Chantilly, and to restore and adorn that famous palace. For a single little picture by Raphael he paid its English owners 25,000 guineas—a price that at the time made a sensation.

Permission to serve in the Franco-German war was refused him, but in June, 1871, the law banishing the Orleans family was repealed, and he returned to France. Before his return, on declaring his willingness to countenance a republican form of government, he had been chosen to the Assembly, and presently he took his seat. Very soon also he was chosen a member of the French Academy, and in March, 1872, he was appointed general of a division, and presided in that capacity over the council of war which tried Marshal Bazaine.

When the head of the Orleans family was banished from France by the Expulsion bill, General Boulanger, at that time Minister of War, struck the Duc d'Aumale's name off the army list. The Duke then withdrew again from France. Soon after his departure it transpired that, both his sons being dead, he had bequeathed Chantilly and all its treasures to the Institute, in trust for the people of France. The decree of banishment against him was revoked in 1889, and he returned after three years of exile to Chantilly, in which he had reserved a life estate.

His leisure during many years, especially the years of his exile in England, he had occupied in writing the history of the princes of Condé—a work of which the fifth volume appeared in 1889.

The portrait by Bonnat, which is the original of the picture of the Duke given in this issue of the WEEKLY, was painted in 1889. In his dress, it is said, he held to the fashions that were in favor with the English dandies of 1850-60. At the Chantilly races, when he was the owner of the grounds, he was used to do the honors in the reserved boxes or in the paddock "dressed in a gray suit, the coat buttoned high and open at the bottom, trousers fitting tight at the foot, gaiters, a tall gray hat, a straight collar, and a puffed neck-tie. That was the costume that gentlemen riders wore thirty-five years ago at fox-hunts when they did not wear the traditional red." It is related that in his youth his complexion was light pink and his hair so blond as to make him seem almost like an albino.

The Duke was quite as notable in his aspect as in his personal qualities and reputation. Being a great personage, he looked the character. The "fixed and penetrating regard of his large blue eyes that has so often troubled his interlocutors" is spoken of as a familiar detail of his aspect, and also as presenting a special difficulty to the painters of his portrait.

The fire in Paris which led indirectly to the death of the Duc d'Aumale will be remembered as one of the most shocking disasters of the century. The Grand Bazar of Charity, an annual fair for the benefit of the chief charitable institutions of the city, was in progress in a temporary building 200 by 300 feet in size, lightly constructed of boards and cloth, in Rue Jean Goujon. It is an institution that is an especial favorite of the older French families, many representatives of which were managers of its booths and interested promoters of its success. About half past four on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, when there were perhaps 1200 people in the building, it took fire, presumably from a wire connected with a cinematograph. Immediately it was in flames. Everything about it was excessively combustible: there was but one convenient exit, and that one none too good. The interior of the building had been constructed in imitation of a street in old Paris. The light partitions of painted and varnished wood burned like tinder. In twenty minutes the roof fell in and the whole structure was gone. About half the people within escaped unhurt. Many more got out more or less burned or injured, but certainly not less than a hundred and forty lost their lives. Among them was the Duchesse d'Alençon, sister of the Empress of Austria, and wife of Ferdinand of Orleans, Duc d'Alençon. She was but one of a long list of men and women of high distinction in Parisian society who were victims of this calamity. The list of the dead is like a roll-call of the best-known family names of Paris. The disaster has plunged Paris into mourning and excited universal interest and sympathy. Heart-breaking stories of suffering and grief have come over the cables, lightened a little by narratives of heroism and self-sacrifice. The marvel, of course, is that such an assemblage should have been suffered to gather in such a building; but the Parisians, it seems, are not unlike other people in sometimes being wise after the fact.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. JOHN J. CHAPMAN, of New York, in a communication to the Chicago *Dial*, makes grave charges against "the magazines." He says that they are flat, and that the ideals of their editors are purely commercial. The editor, he points out, serves the publisher, and the publisher whose magazine has attained to a circulation doesn't want to imperil it by printing anything out of the ordinary run. He simply wants to plod along, making precisely the same sort of magazine that he has found to be acceptable to his readers. Accordingly his magazine straightway develops a policy, and declines to print pieces with which that policy conflicts.

Mr. Chapman is heartily opposed to this method of doing business. "A magazine," he thinks, "ought to have no policy except the policy of discovering and publishing the live thoughts of living men and women, and the editor, in printing or rejecting, ought to be governed by his own personal feelings, his good sense, his taste, his beliefs."

By way of demonstrating that editors are not so governed, Mr. Chapman adduces that he lately wrote a short article on a popular author, which half a dozen intelligent people thought to be well written and entertaining, but which all the leading magazines declined to purchase. Mr. Chapman knows why they don't want it. "It represents a slightly novel view of a very popular writer; each magazine is afraid that some portion of the public will pick up the number, glance at it, see an unsympathetic view of a favorite writer, and throw down the copy."

Mr. Chapman thinks the influence of the magazines peculiarly disastrous to youngsters of genius, whose early work "the more real and novel and vital it is, the more certainly will represent risk." These lads, finding that the magazines won't buy what they want to write, are starved presently into "providing some magazine with the material which that magazine is printing." Once a youth of genius begins to do that, it is of course the beginning of the end of him.

This is pretty dismal, and is enough to incline the experienced magazine-reader to think sadly of the magazines to which he is addicted, and of himself for reading them. No doubt the leading magazines are conservative. They certainly do dislike to print what they think their readers will dislike to read; but that is pardonable, for there is no surer and speedier way to get out of the magazine business and into the junk business than to print what readers won't read.

Readers have tastes and also strong prejudices. Both have to be considered, and though publishers and editors brave prejudices sometimes with almost incredible daring, it is probably true that no conscientious editor cares to outrage the feelings of more than a third of his readers by any one piece or in any single issue. There are advantages, however, as well as disadvantages in all branches of endeavor in having to make one's business pay, and it admits of doubt whether the leading magazines would be materially improved if editors pursued the policy of printing what writers wished to write instead of what their readers wished to read. The leading magazines are popular publications and appeal to a popular taste. That they should not satisfy in all respects a more highly cultivated taste and heads that like hard reading is not a thing to wonder at. But most critics who rate them, as Mr. Chapman does, seem to have a notion that a deep stream of the creations of genius is always surging up around the magazine editor's desk, and that he is ever damming it back and turning it aside. No one who is in the habit of hearing magazine editors talk believes that this is true. Editors maintain, with at least an appearance of sincerity, that extra-good copy is scarce, and that they would print much better pieces than they do if they knew where to find them.

It might be added that it really proves nothing against the editors of the leading magazines that they did not accept Mr. Chapman's article on a popular author, for he has not proved that it was suited to their use. Perhaps the theme of Mr. Chapman's essay was not deemed sufficiently important to tempt the editor of a popular illustrated magazine to make an exception to his general rule, excluding articles of literary criticism.

And, by-the-way, if the "leading magazines" fail in their duty to struggling genius, and so to mankind, there ought to be a refuge in the newspapers. Mr. Warner, in the "Study" of the current HARPER'S MAGAZINE, says harsh things of the contemporary newspaper, and avers that its success is in inverse proportion to its merits. Still it is true that some of the best things written have first been printed in newspapers, and probably that still happens; and though newspaper remuneration is based rather too much on quantity, and does not regard quality as much as might be wished, even genius has found newspaper writing a convenient resource when life has been urgent in its demands for support.

It would seem, too, as if there ought to be another resource in those magazines which, while not "leading" in all respects, lead at least in the number of their readers. The *Chap-Book* has an interesting paragraph about these publications, consisting of statements about their several circulations which it has gleaned from an *Advertisers' Directory*. It seems that there is a monthly magazine published in Augusta, Maine, which is credited with a circulation of no less than 1,252,325 copies. Another periodical published in that city claims a circulation of 479,000; another, a circulation of 392,800; another, 351,000; another, 330,000; and another, 200,000. The names of all these publications, as given by the *Chap-Book*, are unfamiliar to the present paragrapher. Augusta, whence printed matter emanates in such extraordinary quantity, is not necessarily a centre of intellectual activity, but it is near various towns which have water-power and paper-mills, and it lies conveniently near the great Maine forests of spruce and poplar which supply the wood-pulp which, after all, is probably the most indispensable ingredient of the literature which Augusta distributes. While the Maine forests hold out, and Uncle Sam continues to carry periodicals at present rates, the magazine business in Augusta will doubtless be able to maintain its supremacy.

New York, at a far greater distance from available forests, does pretty well in the same line. Besides its great multitude of publications, of the existence of which most observing persons are aware, it is credited with eight periodicals having an aggregate circulation of two millions and a half, no one of which the average reader of the WEEKLY is likely to have ever seen or heard of. Springfield, Ohio, has four periodicals, presumably of this same sort, with aggregate circulations of seven hundred thousand. There are a prodigious number of readers in the United States, and the business of providing them with material on which to exercise their accomplishment is a matter of very large concern. The share of the "leading magazines" in ministering to these readers seems comparatively small.

Was it not a mistaken conception of his duties that prompted Mr. Secretary White, of London, under stimulus, it is said, of a request from Senator Hoar, to try to get his hands on that *Mayflower* "log," when it had been so expressly provided that it should be turned over to Mr. Bayard? A New York newspaper, in commenting on the incident, censures Mr. Bayard for turning up in London after he had ceased to be ambassador, and being on hand to receive the "log." It says:

> When the decree was issued by the ecclesiastical court of the diocese of London for the surrender of this priceless historical relic, it was intended that it should be handed to the diplomatic representative of the United States. Mr. Bayard was then ambassador. In forgetfulness of the fact that he would so soon cease to be ambassador, his name was inserted in the decree. Upon that clerical error Mr. Bayard founded a claim that the document should be given to him.

The newspaper accounts of the proceedings of the court which issued the decree of surrender gave the impression that the intention was that the "log" should be turned over to Mr. Bayard personally, to be carried home by him, and not to the person, at that time unascertained, who might succeed him. It seemed to be the wish of the court to intrust the manuscript to a responsible individual, actually in being and known to the court, who would be answerable for its safe delivery to the President. The recorded details of the proceedings warrant this impression, and make it seem probable that Mr. Bayard's persistence in "claiming" the manuscript was simply fidelity to an obligation which he had expressly assumed. To attribute his action, as the critic quoted does, to "a passion for notoriety" seems most unjust.

It is under discussion in Massachusetts to whom the *Mayflower* "log" ought to be finally intrusted. The foremost claimants are the Pilgrim Society, of Plymouth, the Boston Public Library, and the State of Massachusetts. The Pilgrim Society's claim is based on a general sentiment that a manuscript relating chiefly to Plymouth ought to be kept in Plymouth. Objection is made that Pilgrim Hall is not fire-proof, and that there is no fit place in Plymouth to keep such a treasure. The Boston Public Library claims that the manuscript probably belonged to the collection of the Rev. Thomas Prince, formerly pastor of the Old South Church, and that as the trustees of the Public Library hold in trust the rest of the Prince collection, they should have this also. Others still prefer that the "log" should be placed in the State Library, and there it seems likely to go, since the President will probably turn it over to Senator Hoar, and he to Governor Wolcott; and why the Commonwealth, having the thing once in the hands of its own officer, should ever let go does not appear.

If the remarks of Bishop Potter at the supper of the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor, on May 3, have been correctly reported, it seems fortunate that they have emanated from a man so well qualified to make his words good, for they are pretty sure to be carefully sifted and weighed by critics who will not agree with them. The bishop is quoted as saying that what bears hardest on the contemporary workingman is machinery and the attitude of employers to their workmen. To illustrate the evils of machinery, he told of a factory which he visited, and in which he saw a young man sitting cross-legged, whose sole work all day was shoving a small piece of iron into a hole in a machine, giving it one or two turns, pulling it out, and then the same with the next piece. The bishop thought that was mighty dull work, and that it was not surprising if the man who did it drank, fought, and gambled at night, for a change. No doubt such a job is profoundly monotonous, and it may be true, as the bishop suggested, that if he himself were set to work at it his conduct after working-hours would be boisterous and far from exemplary. Still there are some men who are fitter for monotonous jobs than others. Men, for example, who habitually drink and celebrate at night may be only too glad to have a job in the morning that is absolutely simple and requires no thought, and so may many men of better habits but of small energy. Then, too, if a job is inordinately tiresome, it ought to be possible, and no doubt often is possible, to graduate from it after serving a term, and get a chance at something else. To fight machinery, as of course the bishop realizes, seems a hopeless undertaking, as well as an unwise one, but there is nothing unwise or objectionable in trying to hinder human life from being crushed out by it. That concerns the other count in the bishop's indictment. If employers look upon their workmen simply as "hands," and care nothing for their welfare, that is a matter which may be helped, and in which, maybe, the Church has work cut out for it. Where employers have Christian ideals, and feel that their relations with their workmen and their duties toward them are matters of vital moment, any hardships that are incident to the introduction of machinery will be greatly alleviated. When masters and workmen are all good men, they and the machines will work together for good.

Whatever fault, though, any one may find with details of the newspaper reports of the bishop's discourse, there can be no question that when he speaks as the advocate and defender of the poor in the struggle for existence he shows himself in a light that becomes a bishop of a Christian Church. There seems a thousand times more hope for a Church whose leading prelate is distressed because he fears that machinery is enslaving men, and that capital ignores the human ties that join it with labor, than for one whose spokesman should echo Mr. Rockefeller's recent saying that it is the religious duty of every man to make all the money he can.

If you write a letter to a correspondent in the United States, you can enclose a stamp for a reply. But suppose you write to some one abroad, and wish to prepay the answer! How are you to do it? If you have a son, and he has a collection of foreign postage-stamps, you may be able to rob his collection and accomplish it, but ordinarily you cannot do it.

The International Postal Union is in session in Washington this month, and it is desired that it shall authorize the issue of an international postage-stamp which shall serve this purpose of prepaying the reply to a letter to a foreign correspondent. Such a stamp should avail to carry a letter from any one of the countries in the Postal Union to any other. It should be for sale in all countries, but need not supersede the ordinary stamps, as its chief use would be this one of prepaying replies. The need of this stamp has been suggested before, and an American, resident in London, who writes from there to the *Evening Post* about the matter, tells of the queer little detail that has heretofore prevented its issue. It seems that at present the various stamps which carry letters between the countries of the Postal Union are not of precisely the same value. The amount of gold in an English sovereign will buy 96 stamps for foreign postage in England, 100 in France, 101 in Germany, and 97 in the United States. One way that is suggested to prevent this inequality from making trouble is to charge a little more for the international stamp than for ordinary stamps for foreign postage —say, six cents in this country instead of five, and threepence in England instead of twopence halfpenny. But whether this precaution is needed or not, there ought to be an available stamp by which the reply to a foreign letter may be prepaid. That is so clearly a matter of business convenience that the International Postal Union should provide for it. It is said, but seems almost incredible, that the American authorities opposed the international stamp, because it would interfere with a comfortable revenue they now get from the double postage collected on foreign letters insufficiently prepaid.

Governor Tanner of Illinois is reported to have expressed hearty dissatisfaction with the arrangements that were made for his comfort and entertainment during his recent visit to New York. It seems that he considers himself to have been inadequately called upon, inadequately furnished with tickets to see the procession, and inadequately furnished with elbow-room at the Union League Club reception. It also jarred his feelings that Illinois, as Grant's State, was not given a place in the procession nearer the front. The Governor thinks New York is far, far behind Chicago in the polite art of entertaining company.

It is unseemly of Governor Tanner to say all these unkind things, but it is painful that any of the recent guests of the city should have carried home an impression so unsatisfactory. It is related that one distinguished gentleman who had accepted the Mayor's invitation went, on his arrival, to the reception committee's room, where his presence was noted, and he was presently informed that he would find his tickets in his box in the office of the hotel in the morning. Failing to learn that it was any one's duty to look after him, or that any means had been provided to convey him to the monument, he announced that he had not come to town on his own invitation, and that if he was expected to be his own entertainer he would go straight home. Forthwith that gentleman was treated with prompt consideration and honored as his merit deserved. It is possible that all invited guests had not so clear and timely an appreciation of what was due them, and did not fare so well.

An occasional benefactor of this Department of the WEEKLY relates that a number of men were recently discussing present conditions at their club. One of them advanced the proposition that the McKinley administration had not as yet brought about any marked advance in the country's prosperity.

"Oh, I don't know about that," quickly observed another. "We are already sending *hay* to England and *porter* to France."

"Nothing was said," adds the occasional benefactor, "of the beneficent influence of our sending an angel to Turkey."

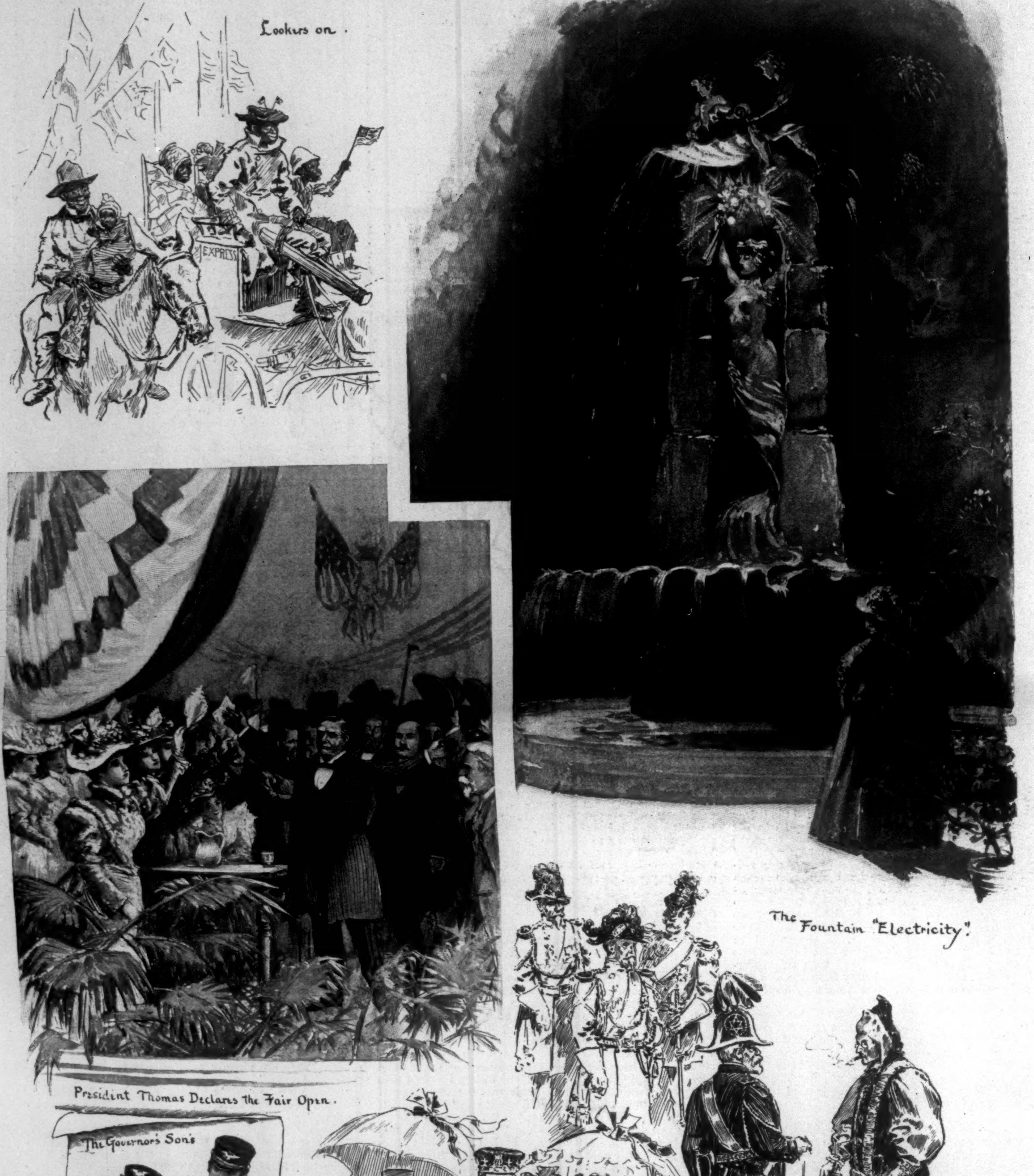
Saturday evening, May 1, was the opening night of the Third Annual Loan Exhibition of the Educational Alliance, which is held in the Institute Hall at East Broadway and Jefferson Street. The purpose of these exhibitions is to put a good picture show where it will be convenient for the East Side citizens and their families to inspect it. The fact that this experiment has reached its third year speaks well for its results and promises well for its continuance. A number of important paintings have been loaned for the exhibition this year.

A newspaper paragraph which records the police-court narrative of a recent pitched battle between Greeks and Syrians, in a house in Washington Street, notes that "It developed that the fight had been a huge mistake. All the men in it were Christians."

It is a common incident of contemporary battles that the combatants don't discover that they are all Christians until after the engagement.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is glad and proud because of the good showing lately made by certain of its pupils to whom a chance was given to put in practice what they had learned. The lecture-room of the Philadelphia Academy had grown dingy, and instead of being whitewashed or wall-papered, it was turned over for treatment to thirteen young artists, present or recent students in the Fine Arts Academy's schools. The result, as set forth by a friendly hand, is that "the newly decorated room has been transformed into a harmonious, dignified apartment, embellished with as brilliant a collection of mural decorations as has been completed in Philadelphia for years."

E. S. MARTIN.



THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—SCENES ON THE OPENING DAY, MAY 1.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 486.]

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next afternoon Jerome went to Miss Camilla's tea party. Sitting in the arbor, whose interior under the afternoon sun was full of shifting water-play of green lights and shadows, sipping tea from delicate china, eating custards and the delectable plum cake, he tasted again one of the few sweet savors of his childhood.

Jerome in the arbor with three happy young people, taking for the first time since his childhood a holiday on a work-day, seemed to comprehend the first notes of that great harmony of life which proves by the laws of sequence the last. The premonition of some final blessedness to survive all renunciation and sacrifice was upon him. He felt raised above the earth with happiness. Jerome seemed like another person to his companions. The wine of youth and certainty of joy stirred all the light within him to brilliancy. He had naturally a quicker, readier tongue than Lawrence Prescott; now he gave it rein.

He could command himself, when he chose, and did not consider that it savored of affectation, to a grace of courtesy beyond all provincial tradition. In his manners he was not one whit behind even Lawrence Prescott, with his college and city training, and in face and form and bearing he was much his superior. Lawrence regarded him with growing respect and admiration, Elmira with wonder.

As for Miss Camilla, she felt as if tripping over her own inaccuracy of recollection of him. "I never saw such a change in any one, my dear," she told Lucina the next day. "I could scarcely believe he was the little boy who used to weed my garden; and with so few advantages as he has had, it is really remarkable."

"Father says so too," remarked Lucina, looking steadily at her embroidery.

Miss Camilla gazed at her reflectively. She had a mild but active imagination, which had never been dispelled by experience for romance and hearts transfixed with darts of love. "I hope he will never be so unfortunate as to place his affections where they cannot be reciprocated, since he is in such poor circumstances that he cannot marry," she sighed, so gently that one could scarcely suspect her of any hidden meaning.

"I do not think," said Lucina, still with steadfast eyes upon her embroidery, "that a woman should consider poverty if she loves." Then her cheeks glowed crimson through her drooping curls, and Miss Camilla blushed; still, she attributed her niece's tender agitation to her avowal of general principles. She did not once consider any danger to Lucina from Jerome; but she had seen, on the day before, the young man's eyes linger upon the girl's lovely face, and had immediately, with the craft of a female, however gentle, for such matters, reached half-pleasant, half-melancholy conclusions.

It was gratifying and entirely fitting that her beautiful Lucina should have a heart-broken lover at her feet; still, it was sad, very sad, for the poor lover. "When the affections are enlisted, one should not hesitate to share poverty as well as wealth," she admitted, with a little conscious tremor of delicacy at such pronounced views.

"I do not think Jerome himself wants to be married," said Lucina, quickly.

Miss Camilla sighed. She remembered again the young man's fervent eyes. "I hope he does not, my dear," she said.

"*I* do not intend to marry either. I am never going to be married at all," said Lucina, with a seeming irrelevance which caused Camilla to make mild eyes of surprise, and wonder sadly, after her niece had gone home, if it were possible that the dear child had thus early been crossed in love.

Lucina, ever since Jerome's confession of love, had experienced a curious revulsion from her maiden dreams. She had such instinctive docility of character that she was at times amenable to influences entirely beyond her own knowledge. Not understanding in the least Jerome's attitude of renunciation, she accepted it for herself also. She no longer builded bridal air-castles. She still embroidered her chair covers, thinking that they would look very pretty in the north parlor, and some of the old chairs could be moved to the garret to make room for them. She gazed at her aunt Camilla with a peaceful eye of prophecy. Just so would she herself look years hence. Her hair would part sparsely to the wind like hers, and show here and there silver instead of golden lustres. There would be a soft rosetted cap of lace to hide the thinnest places, and her cheeks, like her aunt's, would crumple and wrinkle as softly as old rose leaves, and, like her aunt, in this guise she would walk her path of life alone.

Lucina seemed to see, as through a long converging tunnel of years, her solitary self miniatured clearly in the distance, gliding on like Camilla with that sweet calm of motion of one who has left the glow of joy behind, but feels her path trend on peace.

"I dare say it may be just as well not to marry, after all," reasoned Lucina. "A great many people are not married. Aunt Camilla seems happy—happier than many married women whom I have seen. She has nothing to disturb her. I shall be happy in the way she is. When I am such an old maid that my father and mother will have died, because they were too old to live longer, I will leave this house, because I could not bear to stay here with them away, and go to Aunt Camilla's. She will be dead too by that time, and her house will be mine. Then I, in my cap and spectacles, will sit afternoons in the summer-house, and—perhaps—he—he will be older than I then, and white-haired, and maybe stooping and walking with a cane—perhaps—he will come often, and sit with me there, and we will remember everything together."

In all her forecasts for a single life Lucina could not quite eliminate her lover, though she could her husband. She and Jerome were always to be friends, of course, and he was to come and see her—Lucina, when once Jerome had begun visiting her, never contemplating the possibility of his ever ceasing to do so, or indeed wishing to. He did not come regularly—the wisdom of that was tacitly understood between them; since there was to be no marriage, there could necessarily be no courtship. There was never any sitting up together in the north parlor, after the fashion of the village lovers. Jerome merely spent an hour or two in the sitting-room with the Squire and his wife and Lucina. Sometimes he and the Squire talked politics and town affairs, while Lucina and her mother sewed. Sometimes the four played whist or besique; for in those days Jerome was learning to take a hand at cards; but he had always Mrs. Merritt for his partner, and the Squire had Lucina. Indeed, Lucina would have considered herself highly false and treacherous had she manifested an inclination to be partner of any other than her father. Sometimes the Squire sat smoking and dozing, and sometimes he was away, and in those cases Mrs. Merritt sewed and Jerome and Lucina played a game of checkers.

It tried Jerome sorely to capture Lucina's men and bar her out from the king row, and she sometimes chid him for careless playing.

Sometimes, after Jerome was gone and Lucina in bed, Abigail Merritt, who had always a kind but furtively keen eye upon the two young people, talked a little anxiously to the Squire. "I know that he does not come regularly and he sees us all, but—I don't know that it is wise for us to let them be thrown so much together," she would say, with a nervous frown on her little dark face.

The Squire's forehead wrinkled with laughter, but he was finishing his pipe before bed and would not remove it. He rolled humorously inquiring eyes through the cloud of smoke, and his wife answered as if to a spoken question. "I know Jerome Edwards doesn't seem like other young men, but he is a young man, after all, and, if we shouldn't say it, I am afraid somebody will get hurt. We both know what Lucina is—"

"You don't mean to say you're afraid Lucina will get hurt," spluttered the Squire, quickly.

"It isn't likely that a girl like Lucina could get hurt herself," cried Abigail, with a fine blush of pride.

"I suppose you're right," assented the Squire, with a chuckle. "I suppose there's not a young fool in the county but would think himself lucky for a chance to tie the jade's shoestring. I guess there'll be no hanging back of dancers whenever she takes a notion to pipe—eh?"

"She has not taken a notion to pipe, and I doubt if she will at present," said Abigail, with a little bridle of feminine delicacy; "and—he is a good young man, though of course it would scarcely be advisable if she did fancy him; but she does not. Lucina has never concealed anything from me since she was born, and I know—"

"Then it's the boy you're worrying about?"

Abigail nodded. "He's a good young man, and he has had a hard struggle. I don't want his peace of mind disturbed through any means of ours," said she.

The Squire got up, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and laid it with tender care on the shelf. Then he put his hands one upon each of his wife's little shoulders and looked down at her. Abigail Merritt had a habit of mind which corresponded to that of her body. She could twist and turn with the fine adroitness of a fox round sudden sharp corners of difficulty, when her husband might go far on the wrong road through drowsy inertia of motion; but, after all, he had sometimes a clearer view

"LUCINA LOOKED AT HER SLEEPING LOVER UNTIL HER WHOLE HEART SEEMED TO FEED ITSELF THROUGH HER EYES."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

than she of ultimate ends, past the petty way-side advantages of these skilful doublings and turnings.

She could deal with details with little taper finger-touches of nicety, but she could not judge as well as he of generalities and the full scope of combinations. It was doubtful if Abigail ever fairly appreciated her own punch.

"Abigail," said the Squire, looking down at her, his great bearded face all slyly quirked with humor—"Abigail, look here. There are a good many things that you and I can do, and a few that we can't do. I can fish and shoot and ride with any man in the county, and bluster folks into doing what I want them to mostly, if I keep my temper; and as for you—you know what you can do in the way of fine stitching and punch-making and house-keeping; and you and I together have got the best, and the handsomest, and the most blessed"—here the Squire's voice broke—"daughter in the county; by the Lord Harry we have. I can shoot any man who looks askance at her, I can lie down in the mud for her to walk over to keep her little shoes dry, and you can fix her pretty gowns and keep her curls smooth, and watch her lest she breathe too fast or too slow of a night, but there we've got to stop. You can't make the posies in your garden any color you have a mind, my girl, and I can't change the spots on the trout I land. We can't either of us make a sunset or a rainbow, or stop a thunder-storm, or raise an east wind. There are things we run up blind against, and I reckon this is one of 'em. It's got to come out the way it will, and you and I can't hinder it, Abigail."

"We can hinder that poor boy from having his heart broken."

The Squire whistled. "Lock the stable door after the colt is stolen, eh?"

"Eben Merritt, what do you mean?"

"I mean that the boy comes here now and then, not courting the girl as I take it at all, and shows so far no signs of anything amiss, and had, in my opinion, best be let alone. Lord, when I was his age, if a girl like Lucina had been in the question, and anybody had tried to rein me up short, I'd have kicked over the traces entirely. I'd have either got her or blown my brains out. That boy can take care of himself, anyhow. He'll stop coming here of his own accord if he thinks he'd better."

Abigail sniffed scornfully with her thin nostrils.

"Wait and see," said the Squire.

"I shall wait a long time before I see," she said. But she was mistaken. The very next week Jerome did not come; then a month went by and he had not appeared once at the Squire's house.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ONE Sunday afternoon during the latter part of July Lucina Merritt strolled down the road to her aunt Camilla's. The day was very warm—droning huskily with insects and stirring lazily with limp leaves.

There had been no rain for a long time, and the road smoked high with white dust at every footfall. Lucina raised her green and white muslin skirts above her embroidered petticoat, and set her little feet as lightly as a bird's. She carried a ruffled green silk parasol to shield her from the sun, though her hat had a wide brim and flapped low over her eyes.

Her mother had remonstrated with her for going out in the heat, since she had not looked quite well of late. "You will make your head ache," said she.

"It is so cool in Aunt Camilla's north room," pleaded Lucina; and had her way.

She walked slowly as her mother had enjoined, but it was like walking between a double fire of arrows from the blazing white sky and earth. When she came in sight of her aunt Camilla's house her head was dizzy and her veins were throbbing.

Lucina had not been happy during the last few weeks, and sometimes in such cases physical discomfort acts like a tonic poison. For the latter part of the way she thought of nothing but reaching the shelter of Camilla's cool north room; her mind regarding all else was at rest.

Miss Camilla's house was closed as tightly as a convent; not a breath of out-door air would she have admitted after the early mornings of these hot days. Lucina entered into night and coolness in comparison with the glare of day outside. When she had her hat removed, and sat in the green gloom of the north parlor sipping a glass of water which Liza had drawn from the lowest depths of the well, then flavored with currant jelly and loaf-sugar, she felt at peace with her own worries.

Her aunt Camilla, clad in dimly flowing old muslin, sat near the chimney-piece swaying a feather fan. She had her Bible on her knees, but she had not been reading: the light was too dim for her eyes. The fireplace was filled with the feathery green of asparagus, which also waved lightly over the gilded looking-glass and was reflected airily therein. Asparagus plumes waved over all the old pictures also. The whole room, from this delicate garnishing, the faded green tone of the furniture covers and carpet, from the wall-paper in obscure arabesques of green and satiny white, appeared full of woodland shadows. Miss Camilla, swaying her feather fan, served to set these shadows slowly eddying with a motion of repose. She lapsed into peaceful dreams before her niece arrived. Now she sat beaming gently at her. "Do you feel refreshed, dear?" she asked, when Lucina had finished her tumbler of currant-jelly water.

"Yes, thank you, Aunt Camilla."

"I fear you were not strong enough to venture out in such heat, glad as I am to see you, dear. Had you not better let Liza bring you a pillow, and then you can lie down on the sofa and perhaps have a little nap?"

"No, thank you, Aunt Camilla, I am not sleepy. I am quite well. I am going to sit by the window and read."

With that Lucina arose, got a book bound in red and gold from the stately mahogany table betwixt the windows, and seated herself by the one window whose shutters were not tightly closed. It was a north window, and only one leaf of the upper half of the shutters was open. The aperture disclosed, instead of burning sky, a thick screen of horse-chestnut boughs. The great fanlike leaves almost touched the window-glass and tinted all the dim parallelogram of light.

Even Lucina's golden head and fair face acquired somewhat of this prevailing tone of green, being transposed into another key of color. All her golden lights and her roses were lost in a delicate green pallor which might have beseemed a sea-nymph. Her aunt, sitting aloof in that same green shaft of day filtered through horse-chestnut leaves, and also changed thereby, kept glancing at her uneasily. She knew that her brother and his wife had been anxious lately about Lucina. She ventured a few more gently solicitous remarks, which Lucina met sweetly, still with a little impatience of weariness, scarcely lifting her face from her book; then she ventured no more.

"The child does not like to have us so anxious about her," she thought, with that unfailing courtesy and consideration which would spare others though she torment herself thereby. She longed exceedingly to offer Lucina a wineglass of a home-brewed cordial compounded from the rich juice of the blackberry, the finest of French brandy, and sundry spices, which was her panacea; but she abstained lest it disturb her. Miss Camilla set a greater value upon peace of mind than upon aught else.

Lucina bent her face over her book and turned the leaves quickly, as if she were reading with absorption. Presently Miss Camilla thought she looked better. The soft lapping as of waves, of the Sabbath calm, began again to oversteal her whole body and spirit. Visions of her peaceful past seemed to confuse themselves with the present. "You—must stay to tea, and—not—go home until—after sunset, when it is cooler," she murmured drowsily, and with a dim conviction that this was a Sabbath long ago, that Lucina was a little girl in a short frock and pantalets, then in a few minutes her head drooped limply toward her shoulder, and all her thoughts relaxed into soft slumberous breaths.

When her aunt fell asleep Lucina looked up, with that quick, startled sense of loneliness which sometimes in such case comes to a sensitive consciousness. "Aunt Camilla is asleep," she thought. She turned to her book again; it was a copy of Mrs. Hemans's poems. Somehow the vivid sentiment of the lines failed to please her, though she, like her young lady friends, had heretofore loved them well. Lucina read the first stanza of "The warrior bowed his crested head" with no thrill of her maiden breast; then she turned to "The Bride of the Greek Isles," and that was no better.

She arose, tiptoed softly over to the table, and examined the other books thereon. There were volumes of the early English poets, an album, and "A Souvenir of Friendship" in red and gold, like the Hemans. She opened the Souvenir and looked idly at the small, exquisitely fine steel engravings, the alliterative verses, the tales of sentiment beginning with long preambles couched in choicest English. She shut the book with a little weary sigh and looked irresolutely at her sleeping aunt, then at the chair by the north window.

Lucina felt none of the languor which is sometimes caused by extreme heat. Instead there was a fierce electric tension through all her nerves. She was weary almost to death, the cool of this dark room was unutterably grateful to her, yet she could not remain quiet. She had left her parasol and hat on the hall table. She stole out softly, with scarcely the faintest rustle of skirts, tied on her hat, took her parasol, and went through the house to the back garden door.

Looking back she saw the old servant-woman's broadly interrogatory face in a vine-wreathed window. "I am going out in the garden a little while, Liza," said Lucina.

The garden was down-crushed, its extreme of sweetness pressed out beneath the torrid sunbeams as under flaming hoofs. Lucina passed beneath the wilting ranks and flattened beds of flowers, and the breath of them in her face was like the rankest sweetness of love when its delicacy, even for itself, is all gone. The pungent odor of box was like a shameless call from the street. Lucina went into the summer-house and sat down. It was stifling, and the desperate sweetness of the garden seemed to have collected there, as in a nest.

Lucina, after a minute, sprang up; her face was a deep pink; she had a gentle distracted frown on her sweet forehead; her lips were pouting. She did not look in the least like the Lucina of the early spring.

She went out of the summer-house and down the garden paths, then over a stone wall into the rear field which bounded it. This field had been mowed not long before, and the stubble was pink and gold in the afternoon light.

The field was broad, and skirted on the west by a thick wood. Lucina, holding her green parasol, crossed the field to the wood. The stubble was hot to her feet; white butterflies flew in her face; rusty-winged things hurled themselves in her path, like shrill completions from some mill of insect life.

All along the wood there was a border of shadow. Lucina kept close to the trees, and so down the field. A faint cool dampness stole out from the depths of the wood and tempered the heat for the width of its shade. Lucina put down her parasol; she was walking quite steadily as if with a purpose.

The wood extended the length of many fields, running parallel with the main village street, behind the houses. Lucina, passing the Prescott house from the rear instead of the front, seeing the unpainted walls and roof slopes of barn and wood-sheds, and the garden, had a curious sense of retroversion in material things which suited well her mind. She felt that day as if she were faced backward to her own self.

The fields were divided from one another by stone walls. Lucina crossed these, and kept on until she reached a field some distance beyond Doctor Prescott's house. Then she left the shadow of the wood and crossed the field to the main road. In crossing this she kept close to the wall, slinking along rapidly, for she felt guilty. This field was all waving with brown heads of millet, which should not be disturbed.

She got to the road, and nobody had seen her. She crossed it, entered a rutty cart path, and was on the Edwards woodland.

For the first time in her life Lucina Merritt was doing something which she acknowledged to herself to be distinctly unmaidenly. She had come to this wood because she had heard Jerome say that he often strolled here of a Sunday afternoon. Her previous little schemes for meeting him had been innocent to her own understanding, but now she had tasted the fruit of knowledge of her own heart.

She felt fairly sick with shame at what she was doing, she blushed to her own thoughts, but she had a helpless impulse as before some goading spur in her own nature which she could not withstand.

She hurried softly down the cart path between the trees, then suddenly stood still, for under a great pine-tree on the right lay Jerome. His hat was off; one arm was thrown over his head; his face was flushed with heat and slumber. Lucina, her body bent aloof, with an indescribable poise of delicacy, and the impulse of flight, yet looked at her sleeping lover until her whole heart seemed to feed itself through her eyes.

Lucina had not seen him for more than six weeks, except by sly glimpses at meeting and on the road. She thought pitifully that he had grown thin; she noticed what a sad droop his mouth had at the corners. She pitied, loved, and feared him with all the trifold power of her feminine heart.

As she looked at him her remembrance of old days so deepened and intensified that they seemed to close upon the present and the future. Love, even when it has apparently no past, is at once a memory and a revelation. Lucina saw the little lover of her innocent childish dreams asleep there; she saw the poor boy who had gone hungry and barefoot; she saw the young man familiar in the strangeness of the future. And, more than that, Lucina, who had hitherto shown fully to her awakening heart only her thought of Jerome, having never dared to look at him and love him at the same time, now gazed boldly at him asleep, and a sense of a great mystery came over her. In Jerome she seemed to see herself also; the unity of the man and woman in love dawned upon her maiden imagination. She felt as if Jerome's hands were her hands, his breath hers. "I never knew he looked like me before," she thought, with awe.

Then suddenly Jerome, with no stir of awakening, opened his eyes and looked at her. Often, on arousing from a deep sleep, one has the sense of a calm and wonderless observation of a new birth. Jerome looked at Lucina for a moment with no surprise. In a new world all things may be, and impossibilities become commonplaces.

Then he sprang up and went close to her. "Is it you?" he said, in a sobbing voice.

Lucina looked at him piteously. She wanted to run away, but her limbs trembled, her little hands twitched in the folds of her muslin skirt. Jerome saw her trembling and a soft pink suffusing her fair face, even her sweet throat, and her arms under her thin sleeves. He knew, with a sudden leap of tenderness which would have its way in spite of himself, why she was there. She had wanted to see him so—the dear child, the fair, wonderful lady—that she had come through the heat of this burning afternoon, stealing away alone from all her friends, and even from her own decorous self, for his sake. He pointed to the clear space under the pine where he had been lying. "Shall we sit down there—a minute?" he stammered.

"I—think I—had better go," said Lucina, faintly, with the quick impulse of maidenhood to flee from that which it has sought.

"Only a few minutes—I have something to tell you."

They sat down, Lucina with her back against the pine-tree, Jerome at her side. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but instead it widened into a vacuous smile. He looked at Lucina and she at him, then he came closer to her and took her in his arms.

Neither of them spoke. Lucina hid her face on his breast, and he held her so, looking out over her fair head at the wood. His mouth was shut hard, his eyes were full of fierce intent of combat, as if he expected some enemy forth from the trees to tear his love from him. For the first time in his life he realized the full might of his own natural self. He felt as if he could trample upon the needs of the whole world, and the light of his own soul, to gain this first sweet of existence whose fragrance was in his face.

The strongest realization of his nature hitherto, that of the outreaching wants of others, weakened. He was filled with the insensate greed of creation for himself. He held Lucina closer, and bent his head down over hers. Then she turned her face a little, and their lips met.

Lucina had never, since her childhood, kissed any man but her father; and as for Jerome, he had held such things with a shame of scorn. This meant much to both of them, and the shock of such deep meaning caused them to start apart, as if with fear of each other. Lucina raised her head, and even pushed Jerome away, gently, and he loosened his hold and stood up before her, all pale and trembling.

"You must forgive me—I—forgot myself," he said, with quick gasps for breath. "I won't—sit—down there again." Then he went on, speaking fast: "I have been—wanting to tell you, but there was no chance. I could not come to see you any longer. I could not. I thought a man could go to see a woman when he was in love with her, and could bear it when the love was all on his side, and there was no—chance of marriage. I thought I could bear it if it pleased you, but—I didn't know it would be like this. I was never in love, and I did not know. I could think of nothing but wanting you. It was spoiling me for everything else, and there are other things in the world besides this. If I came much longer I should not be fit to come. I *could* not come any longer." Jerome looked down at Lucina with an air of stern yet wistful argument. She sat before him with downcast, pale, and sober face, then she rose, and all her girlish irresolution and shame dropped from her, and left for a moment the woman in her unveiled.

"I love you as much as you love me," she said, simply.

Jerome looked at her. "You—don't mean—that—?"

"Yes, I suppose I did when you told me first, but I did not know it then. Now I know it. I have been very unhappy, because I feared you might be staying away because you thought I did not love you; but I dared not try to see you as I did before, because I had found myself out. To-day I could not help it, whatever you might think of me, or whatever I might think of myself. I could not bear to worry any longer lest you might be unhappy because you thought I did not love you. I do, and you need not stay away any more for that."

"Lucina—you don't mean—"

"Do you think I would have let you—do as you did a minute ago, if I had not?" said she, and a blush spread over her face and neck.

"I—thought—it was all—me;—that—*you* did not—"

"No; I let you," whispered Lucina.

"Oh, you don't mean that you—like me this same way that I do you—enough to marry me? You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do," replied Lucina. She looked up at him with a curious solemn steadfastness. She was not blushing any more.

"I—never thought of this," Jerome said, drawing a long, sobbing breath. He stood looking at her, his face all white and working. "Lucina—" he began, then paused, for he could not speak. He walked a little way down the path, then came back. "Lucina," he said, brokenly, "as God is my witness—I never thought of this—I never—thought that you—could— Oh, look at yourself and look at me! You know that I could not have thought— Oh, look at yourself; there was never anybody like you! I did not think that you could—care for or—be hurt by—*me*."

"I have never seen anybody like you—not even father," Lucina said. She looked at him with the shrinking yet loving faithfulness of a child before emotion which it cannot comprehend. She could not understand why, if Jerome loved her and she him, there was anything to be distressed about. She could not imagine why he was so pale and agitated, why he did not take her in his arms and kiss her again, why they could not both be happy at once.

"Oh, my God!" cried Jerome, and looked at her in a way that frightened her.

"Don't," she said, softly, shrinking a little.

"Lucina, you know how poor I am," he said, hoarsely. "You know I—can't—marry."

"I don't need much," said she.

"I couldn't—give you what you need."

"Father would, then."

"No, he would not. I give my wife all or nothing."

Lucina trembled. The same look which she remembered when Jerome would not take her little savings was in his eyes.

"Then—I would not take anything from father," she said, tremulously. "I wouldn't mind—being—poor."

"I have seen the wives of poor men, and you shall not be made one by me. If I thought I had not strength enough to keep you from that, as far as I was concerned, I would leave you this minute and throw myself in the pond over there."

"I am not afraid to be the wife of—a poor man—if I love him. I—could save, and—work," Lucina said, speaking with the necessity of faithfulness upon her, yet timidly, and turning her face aside, for her heart had begun to fear lest Jerome did not really love her nor want her after all. A woman who would sacrifice herself for love's sake cannot understand the sacrifice, nor the love which refuses it.

"You shall not be, whether you are afraid or not," Jerome cried out, fiercely. "Haven't I seen John Upham's wife? Oh God!"

Lucina began moving slowly down the path toward the road. Jerome followed her. "I must go," she said, with a gentle dignity, though she trembled in all her limbs. "I came across the fields from Aunt Camilla's. I left her asleep, and she will wake and miss me."

"Oh," cried Jerome, "I wish—" Then he stopped himself. "Yes, she will, I suppose," he added, lamely.

"He does not want me to stay," thought Lucina, with a sinking of heart and a rising of maiden pride. She walked a little faster.

Jerome quickened his pace, and touched her shoulder. "You must not think about me—about this," he murmured, hoarsely. "*You* must not be unhappy about it."

Lucina turned and looked in his face sadly, yet with a soft stateliness. "No," said she, "I will not. I do not see, after all, why I should be unhappy, or you either. Many people do not marry. I dare say they are happier. Aunt Camilla seems happy. I shall be like her. There is nothing to hinder our friendship. We can always be friends, like brothers and sisters even, and you can come to see me—"

"No, I can't," said Jerome. "I can't do that even. I told you I could not."

Lucina said no more. She turned her face and went on. She said good-by quickly when she reached the road, and was across it under the bars into the millet.

Jerome did not attempt to follow her. He stood for a moment watching her moving through the millet, as through the brown waves of a shallow sea; then he went back into the woods. When he reached the place where he had sat with Lucina he stopped and spoke, as if she were still there.

"Lucina," he said, "I promise you before God that I will never, so long as I live, love or marry any other woman but you. I promise you that I will work as I never did before—my fingers to the bone, my heart to its last drop of blood—to earn enough to marry you. And then, if you are free, I will come to you again. I will fight to win you with all the strength that is in me, against the whole world, and I will love you forever, forever; but I promise you that I will never say this in your hearing, to bind you and make you wait, when I may die and never come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIDER HORIZONS.

Our dreams, our tenderest dreams, that promise sweetness,
That promise life diviner than we know,
Offering to us who strive in incompleteness
The hope of rising from our common woe,

Though they may seem too vague for understanding,
Far from the life that flows in throbbing veins,
They lead us upward, silent and commanding,
Beyond the night and all its mists and rains—

Beyond the night and its uncertain morrows,
The old reiterations of the days,
Its joys that reap or fade in haunting sorrows,
And death that blights the blossom of its ways—

Beyond the night, and to a world made tender
For those who could not find their peace in this,
Where love is glorious in its glad surrender,
And flowers supremely to a perfect bliss.

George Edgar Montgomery.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

I.—IN SEARCH OF GOMEZ.

In proof of Cuba's capacity for self-government might be cited, if it were the only side of the shield, my journey through mountains, over hills, and across plains in search of Maximo Gomez and his liberating army. In time of peace such a journey would have been menaced with danger of capture by brigands, which, under Spanish rule, held sway throughout the island. As it was, accompanied usually by a single guide, I journeyed from prefectura to prefectura, my only danger being that of falling in with the troops, with which we were continually playing a sort of hide-and-seek game, hazardous at its best; for the Spanish soldiers now kill all whom they find outside of their lines.

The prefecturas are established posts in charge of prefectos and subprefectos. The prefecto is appointed by the lieutenant-governor to administrate the affairs of a certain zone, and he in turn divides his zone into subprefecturas, and appoints all the civil employees, from subprefecto down. The readiness with which these people had seized the opportunity to take their first lessons in self-government was surprising. It is true that I found a lazy, ignorant people, men who would answer my questions with a stupid stare, who hardly knew in what world they lived; and when finally, in a moment of impatience, I asked one if he knew whether he were alive or not, he simply opened his eyes a little wider and dropped his chin still lower. But what every one of these people did know, and what every one seemed to respect, was the existence of a civil government. They spoke of their government as they might have spoken of their king if they had recognized one, and according to their idea it was the having of a government instead of a king which constituted their independence.

The "government" had suddenly turned them all into "citizens," of which they seemed very proud, laying great stress upon the word, using it as a title instead of the Spanish señor. But often I found the meaning of the word as vague to them as their ideas concerning the meaning of government. For instance, I heard one man, referring to me, inquire of another whether I was a citizen or an American, while on another occasion, as I was taking leave of a prefectura, half a dozen voices cried out, "Good-by, citizen."

My guide, with a superior knowledge, replied, "Ay, in truth you can call *him* citizen, for *we* are but imitations."

From prefectura to prefectura is the way travelling is now done in free Cuba. The civil government has prohibited the circulation of coin, so no one is asked for money; neither is he expected to have any. There are no rights to property; or at least they are very improperly understood. Everything belongs to the republic, except one's personal effects. A beef is killed at the prefectura, and its meat is distributed among the neighbors without charge. A guide is most always ready to accompany the traveller to the next prefectura, and in the absence of a guide the prefecto himself is obliged to go.

The prefectura usually consists of a palm-thatched cabin, hidden within the depths of a forest; but where the Spaniards have been most active in their operations a simple cow-hide stretched like a canopy on four poles answers the purpose. I found on my line of travel a scarcity of vegetables, but beef meat generally in abundance; whereas in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas the rebels informed me that they no longer get meat, but subsist on the vegetables which are planted by the pacificos in the cultivated zones under the protection of the Spaniards.

Travelling, of course, is rare, with the exception of the civil and military commissions which are continually going to and fro through the country; and when a stranger does turn up he is immediately set down as some envoy extraordinary from the outside world, and his wants are attended to accordingly.

However, I found this mode of journeying "from prefectura to prefectura" a very tedious one. After having ridden many miles beneath a blazing hot sun to reach one prefectura, I would often find the trail leading to the next almost doubling upon the road I had already travelled.

When I reached the vicinity of Sancti-Spiritus it seemed to me that for three days I was wandering around in a circle at the mercy of my various guides, for whenever I inquired the distance to that city the reply was most invariably the same—seven leagues. At the end of the three days I was leaving Sancti-Spiritus behind and approaching the zone in which the general-in-chief of the liberating army was supposed to be camped. But the nearer I approached his supposed camp, the greater seemed the mystery concerning his whereabouts. At last I reached a point where I was assured that the general was only ten leagues away—a distance which I have often covered in the saddle in half a day. Evidently the Cuban's idea of a league was as vague as his idea of a government, for I started out to cover those ten leagues long before sunrise, and when night came I was apparently no nearer Gomez than when I started. The prefecturas which I passed that day were in a deplorable state, which increased as I advanced. At noon I came upon two men sleeping under some palm leaves on a promontory overlooking a highway. My guide, turning in his saddle, signified that this was a prefectura. The sun was broiling hot. A cow was trying to quench her thirst by gnawing at the pith of a corojo palm, which the men had evidently felled to quench their own. With difficulty the men were induced to rise and to inform us of their situation. While one of them swore at the cow for chewing the corojo pith, the other indolently informed us that the Spanish troops had camped in the highway the day previous and had burned their ranch, and that if I attempted to proceed any further I should certainly be killed—and all this information, coupled with the fact that they had had nothing to eat for the past thirty-six hours, told in a manner as though it were of no consequence at all.

Finally one of these characters was induced to conduct us down the hill into a ravine, where I sought shade for an hour's rest from the hot sun. Upon discovering that my companion carried a sweet-potato as big as his head,* he suddenly remembered that there was a ranch near by which had escaped the destructive hand of the soldiers and where we could cook the viand. The ranch was occupied by one wounded rebel and millions of flies, in spite of which I succeeded in swinging my hammock and getting a little rest. About three o'clock a youth appeared, armed with a carbine, stating his willingness to guide us to the next prefectura.

My guide was a brave boy, and he did his duty as a scout nobly. We passed the night at a prefectura where there was a comparatively commodious house snugly hidden among trees, but the prefecto with all his employees was in hiding, for no one dares to sleep under the shelter of a roof in this part of Cuba. We swung our hammocks in a grove, and in the morning awaited the arrival of the prefecto. It was nine o'clock before he came out from his hiding-place. He was a kindly old gentleman, with just a shade of negro blood, and apologizing for having kept me so long, he immediately proceeded to conduct me to the next prefectura.

We crossed the field of Santa Teresa, where the Spaniards attacked the forces of Gomez on March 9 and killed the unfortunate correspondent Mr. Crosby.†

The prefectura of Santa Teresa was reached by a narrow path within a dense forest bordering the field, and there I ate a breakfast, as I told my friends, sufficient for three days—the day past, the present, and the day to come. After a meal such as only a half-starved man can eat, and assured that Gomez was camped only two leagues away, I was induced to wait until one o'clock before again starting out.

* This is scarcely an exaggeration.

† Mr. Crosby with General Gomez and staff was watching the fire of the Spaniards as they attempted to advance across the open field. The insurgent leader and his party were at the edge of the forest, when suddenly the fire of the Spaniards was directed towards the group. Mr. Crosby fell to the ground between his horse's legs, clasping his head between his hands. He never uttered a sound, and died instantly. Although the general's horse was killed, Mr. Crosby was the only man to fall mortally wounded.

Two Spanish leagues should be equal to about five English miles, and naturally I left Santa Teresa with the expectation of soon presenting myself to the general-in-chief of the Liberating Army. But as we continued to ride hour after hour, turning our horses' heads towards every point of the compass, I lost all patience. As I had seen nothing on my whole journey resembling an army, I now began to doubt the existence of any army at all; and as we spurred on our horses to cover those anticipated two leagues, I began to believe that old Gomez and his army must be hiding in the bushes, like the prefectos I had met with on the road.

Just about sunset we saw a man in the distance ride out of a clump of brush. He held up his hand, apparently as a signal to stop, as he shouted the Cuban challenge, "Quien va!"

After interrogation I was allowed to continue, and passing by a cow-yard, I saw a ragged sentry standing carelessly by the side of a gate-post. Beyond was an open field, in which there was a group of horsemen seated on a fallen tree, while their horses grazed near by. One of these loungers mounted his steed, and quickly joining us, led the way across the field in the direction of a palm grove.

It was nearly dark when, on the other side of the grove, I found myself in the camp of the liberating army. It reminded me of a country circus after a raid by the local sheriff, in which the outfit has lost all its tents. The glow of camp fires bordered a semicircle, between which and the vanishing twilight could be discerned the tethered horses, while the shadowlike outline of their various riders flitted about, bent upon their various occupations.

Dismounted, I was directed to a palm-tree, under which a square of canvas spread between stakes covered a little old coffee-and-milk-colored man with very white whiskers. I was about to pass on, when some one touched me on the arm and pointed to the little old fellow, who sat in a hammock, and moved curiously from side to side as he looked for something on the ground.

"Take these candles," I heard him say as he pointed to a string of dirty yellow tapers. Then he looked up at me, opening and shutting his bleary eyes rapidly, as though to clear his vision. I then knew that I was confronting Maximo Gomez, the man whose name has become famous on three continents.

To talk with the great man it was necessary for me to crawl under his canvas, for he made no attempt to crawl out, and the canvas was not high enough for a man to stand up under. After having answered his few questions concerning myself, he said to one of his aides, in a pretentious way,

"Take him to the deposit for correspondents."

I had heard of deposits for horses and cattle, deposits for sweet-potatoes and coffee, but a deposit for correspondents struck me as something new; and I was not long in discovering that it was a feature of the camp as novel to the aide whom Gomez had directed to conduct me as it was to myself.

We stumbled around in the dark as best we could for some little time, after which the officer concluded to take me back to where we had started, and there he presented me to an American captain by the name of Smith—the only other American in the camp.

Smith gave me a hospitable welcome; and later, when I sat by his camp fire and told him of Gomez's orders to take me to the deposit for correspondents, he said he had never heard of such a thing. While talking with Smith, a young officer belonging to General Lacret's staff brought me a present of a sweet-potato—one of the kind as large as a man's head.

Smith handed the sweet-potato to a negro, with directions to roast it for my supper. The negro went away, to return, after the lapse of a few minutes, with a potato about the size of an egg. This he held under Smith's nose as he innocently inquired if he did not think I wanted to trade—a nice proposition for a hungry man to entertain!

Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr.

REV. MORGAN DIX, S.T.D., RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.
From a Copyrighted Photograph by D. H. Anderson.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE REV. MORGAN DIX, S. T. D.

THE first time I ever saw the Rev. Morgan Dix was in the chancel of Trinity Church on a gray November day in the year 1862. He had just been appointed to the rectorship of "Old Trinity," and as I heard his voice in the evening prayers for the day my first impression of him was of innate modesty and gentleness. Can it be possible, said I, that that quiet retiring young man is really rector of the foremost ecclesiastical corporation in the world? But so it was; and ever since that time, whenever it has been my good fortune to meet him, the same impression has come upon me—first and foremost the quality of genuine humility, then of modest obedience to truth and order; and then, as time gave further opportunity, there came the further pleasing revelation of a warm heart under that restrained exterior, and the appreciation therein also of all that is fair and mirthful and jocund in this our life.

The next time I saw him was in his home on Varick Street. There he dwelt among his own poor people, attendants at St. Paul's and St. John's chapels. His house, on the exterior, was like all others in that somewhat decaying neighborhood; but within, how severely beautiful it was! Over the mantel-piece was a picture of the Crucifixion, reverently half concealed by a silken curtain; around were glowing representations of sacred scenes and other objects of religious art. But all this beauty was not for himself alone. There he was accustomed to gather, week by week, the young girls of his parish school and others, who passed many a pleasant and profitable hour in spiritual instruction, in attractive conversation, and in mirthful games. It all seems doubly beautiful and gracious to me now, as I think of the modesty, the quiet, the value, and the reality of this effort of the then young Rector of Trinity, thus antedating in his own home much of the social amelioration which, in the guise of college settlements, finds place among us to-day. The next memorable meeting with Dr. Dix was in what is known as the Broadway Tabernacle, on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway. It was, I think, during the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and the occasion was a sermon on Christian unity. It is a great many years ago, but the memory is still with me of Dr. Dix's sermon. Gentleness, modesty, firmness, kindness, were the fourfold harmonies thereof, and every word reflected his own character in all its important essentials.

But not alone in the modesty of the newly acquired office of unparalleled dignity, and in quiet work among the poor, have I seen Dr. Dix; I have seen him in the very topmost round of ecclesiastical dignity which it is possible for a priest of the Church as a priest to occupy. Again and again has he been chosen by the united voice of the Episcopal Church to preside at its great triennial conventions. There, in the chair of the presiding officer of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, he ever has been *facile princeps*. Under that impenetrable front he was ever the judicious governing spirit; honorable to a nicety, just to all men, clear-headed in any storm of debate, and ever commanding instant respect in the modesty and firmness of his utterances, which came upon the hushed assembly with the calmness and infallibility of an oracle.

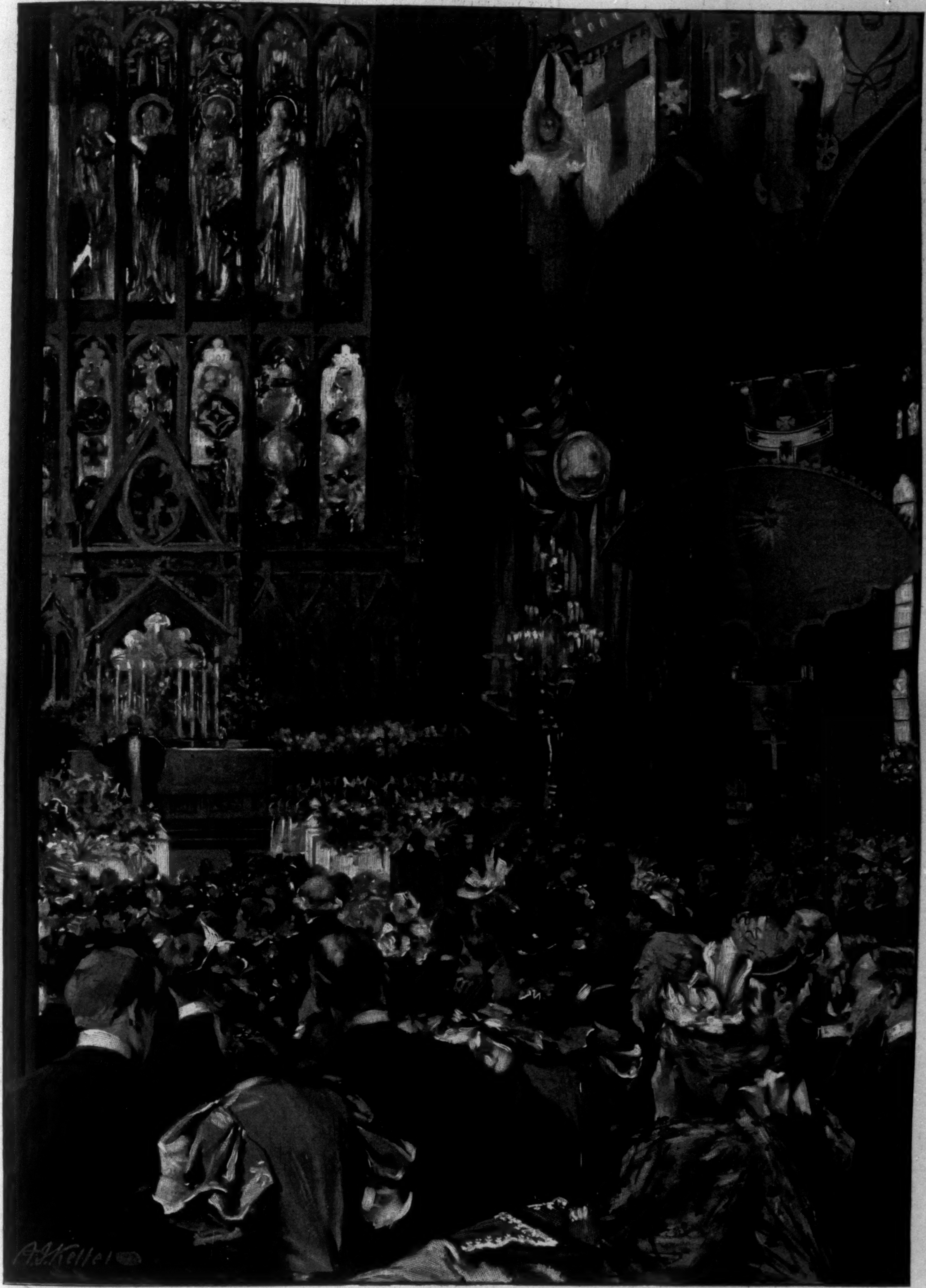
But let no one suppose for a moment that back of that judicial awfulness and imperturbability there was not also the mirthful power that could take in and appreciate those inevitable grotesqueries which occur in all assemblies, be they never so sacred.

The power to see the humorous is a spiritual disinfectant against fetid boredom wherever it may annoy us, and those who know Dr. Dix as he is love him all the more that this subtle power of a sense of humor is an added treasure in his many gifts of mind, body, and estate.

For nearly thirty-five years this man of modesty and of mark has ruled over the affairs of Trinity Parish, New York. Under his authority are numerous churches, and many clergy, vicars, and curates, with their choirs and lay helpers, a great throng of church workers, covering every department of Christian activity, and, from the head through all the members, there ever runs a loving spirit, which binds all together in respectful mutual service for the One Lord whom all obey.

As citizen, as priest, as scholar, as husband, as father, as friend, and as head of one of the greatest ecclesiastical corporations in this or in any other land, the Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D., exhibits in his own person those ever-attractive qualities of modesty, gentleness, kindness, firmness, and devotion which impressed me when, more than thirty-four years ago, I first saw him, just after his appointment as Rector of Trinity Church and Corporation, reading evening prayers in the chancel of "Old Trinity" on that gray day in November in the year 1862.

J. HARRIS KNOWLES.



TRINITY CHURCH BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING, MAY 5.

DRAWN BY A. I. KELLER.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

TRINITY'S CELEBRATION.

In the fifth year of William and Mary a charter, bearing date May 6, 1697, was granted by an act of Assembly, approved and ratified by the Governor and Council, which admitted to authorized and legal existence "a certain church and steeple lately built in the city of New York, together with a certain piece or parcel of ground adjoining thereunto, being in or near to a street without the north gate of said city, commonly called and known by the name of Broadway." This church and steeple was Trinity. Its existence was due to the zeal of Governor Benjamin Fletcher and of a number of English colonists in New York who called themselves the "Managers of the Church of England." The continuance and prosperity for two centuries of the church then begun was celebrated during all of last week by a succession of notable and interesting services and meetings in the present Trinity Church, and in its chapels and offshoots in New York.

For the original church building mentioned in the charter the funds were raised by subscription. Governor Fletcher is credited with a gift of £50 toward it; two wardens and nineteen vestrymen subscribed from £1 to £5 each; other givers aided them, and it is of record that £5 12*s.* 3*d.* was given by helpful Jews. Something over £300 was thus raised, and the church built. The Bishop of London was constituted its first rector, a temporary provision, ended by the appointment of the Rev. William Vesey, a graduate of Harvard, who was ordained in London in August, 1697, and conducted his first service in Trinity Church, New York, on March 13, 1698.

The original grant of land comprised only the frontage on Broadway, with a depth extending to the Hudson River, but to this was added by a royal grant from Queen Anne in 1705 a considerable tract to the northward and bordering on the river, known as "the Queen's Farm." In this tract was included the farm of Mrs. Anneke Jans Bogardus, which was afterwards conveyed to Governor Lovelace, and becoming part of the King's Farm, was given to the Corporation of Trinity. Every one knows of the willingness of Anneke Jans's remote heirs to resume possession of the farm, but on whatever their claims were based Trinity has always been able to defend her own.

It was this Queen Anne grant of farm-lands that in due time made Trinity by far the richest church in the United States, and made possible her great career as a founder of churches and colleges, a supporter of schools, charities, and missions, and a great centre of ecclesiastical activity in the communion to which she belongs. Of her original lands she has given away first and last about two-fifths, the remainder, which she still holds, is estimated to include productive real estate of the value of twenty million dollars, producing at present an income of perhaps half a million annually. One public service which her abundant means has made possible has been the preservation upon land of immense commercial value of her own church and graveyard on Broadway opposite Wall Street, and of St. Paul's Church, on the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street. There is very little land of the same extent in the world so valuable as the sites of these two churches, but no considerations of gain have ever induced the Trinity Corporation to put a price on any part of either of these holdings.

The original Trinity Church named in the grant and first opened in 1698 was used for forty years and then rebuilt. This second edifice was burned in 1776, and was not rebuilt until 1788. It gave place in 1846 to the present church, designed by Upjohn. This was a famous church building in that day, and its tall spire was one of the sights of New York. There are more notable churches in America now, but "Old Trinity" is still beautiful and famous, and still admired and cherished. It has been greatly adorned of late years by gifts from its parishioners, and last week, splendidly and elaborately decorated, and profusely adorned with flowers, it made an imposing show, which thousands of decorous visitors trooped to visit and lingered long to inspect.

The first mission church that Trinity built was St. George's, in Beekman Street. It became an independent organization in 1811. After the original St. George's was burnt the church moved to its present site on Stuyvesant Square. St. Paul's it built in 1766, and here General Washington worshipped during his stay in New York. St. Mark's was built and richly endowed by gifts of land by Trinity about 1795. Among the other New York churches that have been started or munificently helped by her are Grace, Christ's, St. Luke's, St. Thomas's, Zion, St. Stephen's, St. Batholomew's, St. Clement's, All Saints', St. Philip's, and the Church of the Ascension. This list is by no means complete, nor have her benefactions been confined to the city of New York. Not less than a hundred churches in different parts of the State have shared her abundance.

King's College (now Columbia University) was started in 1754 in the vestry-room of Trinity, and received from her a generous endowment in land. Dr. Johnson, its first president, received a salary from her as assistant to her rector. Hobart College, in Geneva, New York, was started by her, and to her Trinity College, in Hartford, largely owes its existence. Dr. Berrian, the predecessor of Dr. Dix as Rector of Trinity, whose history of the church is the best record of her career up to his time, estimated that in 1847 the value of Trinity's gifts up to and at that time exceeded $2,000,000. Since then she has rarely parted with any of her land, but the value of her holdings has increased so prodigiously that a very large sum is annually at her service for distribution. But her regular expenses are very great. Besides the parent church there are eight chapels in her parish, over which her rector has jurisdiction—St. Paul's, St. John's in Varick Street, Trinity Chapel in Twenty-fifth Street, St. Chrysostom's at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, St. Augustine's in Houston Street, St. Cornelius's on Governors Island, old St. Luke's on Hudson Street, and St. Agnes's in Ninety-first Street near Columbus Avenue. Six of these nine churches are free. No pews are sold in any of them, and none are rented except under careful restrictions. To a large number of other churches outside of her parish she makes an annual donation, as also to several colleges and hospitals, and her parochial expenditures include large outlays for the support of schools and hospitals and for mission-work.

In her two centuries of existence Trinity has had nine rectors—William Vesey, 1696–1746; Henry Barclay, 1746–1764; Samuel Auchmuty, 1764–1777; Charles Inglis, 1777–1783; Samuel Provoost, 1784–1800; Benjamin Moore, 1800–1816; John Henry Hobart, 1816–1830; William Berrian, 1830–1862, and Morgan Dix. Of these rectors Dr. Inglis, being loyal to the crown, resigned in 1783 when the British evacuated New York, and went to Nova Scotia, where he became bishop in 1787. Dr. Provoost was the first Bishop of New York; Dr. Moore succeeded him both as rector and as bishop, and was also president of Columbia College. To him in turn succeeded Dr. Hobart, both as rector and as bishop.

During six days of last week there were commemorative services in old Trinity. On Sunday, May 2, Dr. Dix's sermon was largely a historical discourse; on Monday, at noon, Dr. E. N. Potter, late president of Hobart College, told of Trinity's educational work; on Tuesday, at noon, Dr. Rainsford of St. George's discussed, "Where shall we place our strongest churches?" On Wednesday, the great day of the celebration, Bishop Potter addressed a great audience admitted by ticket. On Thursday, Dr. Huntington of Grace Church discoursed of "Strong Centres of Church Growth," and on Friday, Dean Hoffman of the General Theological School delivered a historical address giving reminiscences of Trinity Parish. There were no special services on Saturday, but on Sunday five bishops preached in five of the churches of the parish.

Other memorable features of the celebration were the services in all the chapels of the parish, most of which were elaborately decorated; the special service of the guilds in Trinity on the evening of May 2, and the various evening services of song. The musical part of the celebration was exceedingly notable and of the highest interest to persons qualified to appreciate its elaborate beauty. One of Trinity's special services has been her cultivation of church music, from the results of which churches everywhere have profited.

The decorations in Trinity, which were designed by Mr. Frederick Wilson, were exceedingly rich and beautiful and full of ecclesiastical or historical significance. The arrangement of electric lights was remarkably skilful, the light being admirably effective and its sources wholly concealed. These decorations will remain in place for some time to come.

SHRIVEN.

A Story of Forgiveness.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

I.

The prison walls were so thick, and the narrow, heavily barred windows so deeply recessed, that little enough daylight crept through even in bright weather; and on this stormy winter morning the panes were covered with a moist gray film, as if a fog had rolled its pall around the building.

Three heavy iron gates led from the prison office. One opened into a grated enclosure, which was as far as people seeking information concerning prisoners could penetrate without a permit; the second was at the foot of the stone steps which ascended to the police court; the third led through a deep, dark passageway to the prison.

A gray-haired turnkey stood with his back to a stove, his face utterly immobile. The procession of the abandoned and vicious had filed past him so many years that the tragedy or the occasional comedy of it no longer made any impression on him. A keeper—a short, stocky, bullet-headed, smooth-faced young fellow—sat behind a desk chewing at the end of a penholder.

There was silence except for the rumbling of carts in the streets (muffled by the thickness of the walls) and the rustle of coal settling in the stove, until the keeper began whistling "Two Little Girls in Blue" as two policemen came down from court, each with a female prisoner.

One of these women faced the keeper at the desk with a smirk, though her heavy bang and the scarlet feathers in her hat were bedraggled, and her skirt left a wet trail on the stone flooring.

"Hello, Tillie!" said the keeper. "Jugged again, eh? What's done it now?"

"Too much calamity water, I guess," was her reply.

"Age?" he asked, as he prepared to make the formal entry in the blotter.

"Sweet sixteen!"

"Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed. "You've grown two years younger since the last time you were sent up!"

"Of course! 'Ain't I had my hair bleached?" she cried, with a coarse laugh. Then she lowered her voice: "Say! Don't be rough on that girl there. She's kind o' sick, an' I guess she's seen better days than any o' us others." She turned toward the prison gate. "Hello! if yous 'ain't gone and stuck a horseshoe up there for luck!" she cried.

"That means," the keeper called after her, as she disappeared in the passageway, "that we'd rather some one would pay your fine than we be obliged to give you a free ride in the Black Maria!" Then he turned to the other prisoner.

A slender, fragile-looking girl, of perhaps not more than eighteen, stood beside the desk. She rested a forlorn, hopeless, pathetic look upon the keeper. Traces of her former delicate beauty were still discernible. Her hair was brown and wavy, and she had large dark eyes—all the darker, perhaps, for the deep circles beneath them, and her poor, thin, pale face.

The keeper lowered his voice as he asked her the usual questions, and she answered them in but little above a whisper. When he had finished, she stood there helplessly, not knowing what to do. Suddenly a tremor passed over her, her cheeks flushed, and she reached out to the desk for support as her slender frame shook with a deep, hollow, convulsive cough. When she recovered, the turnkey touched her arm and pointed to the prison entrance. She shuddered, and walked slowly into the gloom.

"About time for the angel, ain't it?" asked the turnkey of the keeper.

He had hardly spoken when a young woman, accompanied by a maid, entered the grated enclosure. The keeper hurried to the gate and admitted them, taking the lady's sleet-covered umbrella. She had a pleasant word for him. Indeed, her presence seemed to brighten up the office. Even the turnkey straightened himself out a bit and looked pleased to see her. There was something attractive and sympathetic in her manner that was certain to win the confidence of the unfortunate. She was of the best type of philanthropist—a "prison angel"—giving not only money, but her time and personal efforts, to prison mission work.

"There's a girl upstairs who was arrested in a raid last night," said the keeper. "I'm sure she was never here before, an' she seems sick and miserable."

"Thank you for telling me about her. I'll speak with her and see if I can do something for her." After a little pause she added, "I'm to be married next week, and, beginning to-morrow, there'll be some one here to take my place for about a month."

"There'll never be any one, miss, can take *your* place here," the keeper said, heartily; "an' I'm sure many's the prayer for your happiness that will go up from the unfortunates you've comforted."

When the turnkey had opened the prison gate for her, he called up through the tube to the matron of the women's prison,

"The angel and her maid!"

She went up two flights of steps. The matron, a stout, comfortable-looking woman, met her with a pleasant smile, and opened the heavy iron door which led from the landing to the prison.

The latter was a structure within a structure, for the two tiers of cells were built up inside the prison, and there was considerable space between them and the thick outer walls. The air was pungent with disinfectants here, as down in the office, and everything was more cheerless than usual for the dismal day without.

On low, backless benches ranged along the wall were a few women. One was reading a pink-covered paper novel; another tried to hide her tear-stained face behind a newspaper; others simply sat swaying to and fro, their hands clasped in their laps, and stared, in a forlorn, vacant way, at the cells. A glance told the visitor that the girl she was looking for was not among them.

She felt a touch upon her arm, and saw Tillie, whose face was familiar to her. Following her gesture, she observed a young girl flung face down upon the iron stairs that led to the second tier. A shock passed through the prostrate figure, as at that moment a violent "drunk" in one of the cells began cursing and shrieking and rattling at the bars.

"My sister," said the visitor, "tell me what I can do to comfort you."

It was so long since the poor girl had heard a gentle voice. It vibrated with sympathy; it was so different from the harsh sounds of the police court and the prison that it fell like music upon her ear. At the same moment she felt a kindly touch.

She turned and looked up. It seemed to her that an angel of mercy was bending over her. That fair brow with its halo of golden hair, the pitying look in those kind blue eyes, the sweet cheering smile—the gentle bearing that bespoke the compassion of a pure soul for one that has sinned—touched her heart as nothing ever had before. Her whole nature was drawn toward the angelic creature who appeared to her in her darkest moment. Her impulse was to fling her arms around her and cling to her; but she shrank back, as if she felt that her own sinful touch would carry pollution with it. Just then she saw a bunch of violets in the visitor's bodice, and reaching for it, she drew it out, inhaled its fragrance, and showered kisses upon it.

"They are as pure, as fair as you," she murmured. She seemed to kiss them because they were to her part of the immaculate ministrant who was bending over her, to whom she was drawn, yet feared to touch. A sweet smile told her she might keep the flowers. A moment later she was clutching one of the cold iron stair-rails and coughing convulsively. But she retained her hold upon the violets.

II.

At 8.30 P.M. Brother Allen went out on the steps of the Isabel Mission and rang a bell.

He had not always been "Brother Allen." He had begun his ministerial career as the Rev. Theodore Romaine Allen, and as assistant to the rector of a fashionable church, and had he, like the rector, been willing to preach sermons that were comforting chiefly because they were comfortable, he might have retained his sonorous title.

But Allen's ambition was to become a worker rather than a preacher. He considered one kindly act worth a hundred sermons. While at the seminary he had utilized his spare hours in visiting the various missions in the slums for reclaiming those who never could be reached in any other way. The services and work there were to him religious clinics, each new experience seeming to him worth hours of theoretical study. He felt himself amply rewarded by the broadening of his views and by exhilarating discoveries (often in the least expected quarters) of noble traits—fortitude in suffering, parental and filial devotion and self-denial, which showed that some pure gold could be refined from this mass of human ore.

Soon, however, he found himself attracted more and more by the work at the Isabel Mission, named in memory of a child whose mourning parents had established the fund for carrying out a noble project. And when, after one of his sermons at the church at which he had been appointed assistant to the rector, the latter intimated that he had been injudicious, he at once resigned, and offering his services to the mission, plunged into work after his own heart.

The Isabel Mission had its quarters in what had been a fine mansion in its day. It was built of drab-colored brick, and the low, foot-worn steps led up to a portico with classic columns. The iron step railings ended in graceful curves, and old-fashioned pineapple-shaped ornaments surmounted the newel-posts. It was not to outward appearances in the slums. Its surroundings wore the bedizened front of the most insidious of all vices.

The services were held in a large room on the ground-floor—two of the old rooms thrown into one. At the rear end was a platform with a reading-desk. On the floor near the platform stood the organ, from the top of which hung a large horseshoe of immortelles. Between the windows in the rear were two banners—one, white with a flaming red cross, and "Holiness" embroidered in gold; the other, black, with the words,

Doubt not the cross you bear
Flowers of Eden yet will wear,

also in gold. From above the old mantel the sweet features of the little girl in whose memory the mission was

founded looked down upon the woman who sat facing the organ. Many in the motley crowd helped themselves to hymn-books from a pile on the floor near the organ, and dropped into their places as if used to the ways of the mission; others looked embarrassed; others stared immodestly about them.

Allen heaped an arm full of hymnals and walked down the aisle, distributing them among those who had not helped themselves. When he had taken a seat on the platform he called out, "No. 5!" and, after a prelude on the organ, "Lost but Found" resounded through the room. Many sang without even opening their books. They had been to the mission so often they knew the words as well as the tune.

A door led from the old rear room into the hall. Seeing a number of women hesitating in the entrance, Allen walked, still singing, with his hand extended in greeting, and showed the first woman in the group to a seat. Most of the others followed; but he still saw in the half-light of the hall a pale, sad, delicate face, which he had lately missed. He was shocked to observe how it had wasted away even during the short time since he had last seen the girl at the mission. He knew that she and Tillie, who was with her, had lately been "sent up," and judged they had come off the "Island" only that day.

As he took her by the hand to lead her in, he noticed that she was leaning on her companion for support, and as she entered, she dropped into the first vacant chair against the wall, Tillie remaining beside her.

When the hymn was ended, and Allen paused before giving out another, so that any one in the meeting might have a chance to ask for a favorite, she whispered to Tillie, and the latter called out, "No. 156!"

Without waiting for the organ, Allen intoned, in a sweet, tremulous voice,

"I shall walk with Him in white."

The poor girl did not sing. She leaned her head against the wall, and stared across the room at the portrait of the child over the mantel. The hymn finished, Allen read from the gospel, and then called for testimony from any one present.

"Jesus came to me in Yonkers last Friday!" excitedly exclaimed a woman among those near the platform. "He has been with me ever since. May I never desert him!"

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

sang Allen. Organ and congregation joined in. Words and music were familiar, and the worshippers sang with inspiring power. The very walls seemed to vibrate with the volume of sound. Uplifted by the enthusiasm, Allen, at the conclusion of the hymn, burst into a fervent address:

"We thank Thee, O God, for this patch of praying-ground, this oasis of Thy faith. Baptize Thy servant with Thy power, that he may touch some heart to-night.

"Ah, sisters and brethren, don't put off coming to Christ. The devil never said, 'Don't seek salvation!' Oh no. He is too smart for that. He just says: 'Put it off awhile. You're young yet. You'll find plenty of chances later. Have a good time now!'

"Don't listen to him. When God says, 'Come to Me!' go at once. Don't think to yourself, 'Some other time will do as well.' That other time may never come.

"Suppose Christ had said: 'Oh no, I'll not give My life for them yet. I'll put it off.' What hope of salvation would the world have? No doubt the devil would have liked Him to put it off, but He didn't. And when Christ appeared He didn't come down from heaven every morning with his dinner in a tin pail, and go back after working-hours. He spent His lifetime on earth, and among the lowly, too. He paid the same price for you as for the millionaire on Fifth Avenue.

"Perhaps, beloved, his spirit is among us to-night. Oh, may it bring some of you nearer to Him! Seek till ye find Him! Cling to Him. For through Him and Him only ye may enter the Kingdom of God!"

"I shall walk with Him in white."

These words, sung in a faint but strangely penetrating voice, vibrated through the rooms. The deep, dark eyes, whose look had been riveted to the portrait of the child, were now turned upon Allen. A hectic flush mantled the pallid face. After the first line the girl's thin pale lips moved, but the words and melody were inaudible. She had risen from her seat. Suddenly Allen saw the glance she had turned upon him break. She clutched the back of a chair, reeled, and fell upon the floor.

In a moment he was kneeling beside her, and had half raised her, resting her head against his shoulder.

"She's dying! She's dead!" shrieked Tillie.

But Allen knew better. He had wiped a slight crimson moisture from her lips and felt her faint breathing. In a commanding voice, that found instant obedience, he ordered those who had crowded about the spot back to their seats, bade Tillie aid him in carrying the unfortunate girl up stairs, and as they raised her, called to the organist,

"Finish up with a hymn!"

It was a long time before she opened her eyes. Tillie, softly weeping, sat holding her hand. Allen paced the room.

He knew the poor girl's story, and he silently cursed the man who had caused her downfall. If his own brother had at that moment been pointed out to him as the guilty one, he would have sprung at his throat.

Yet it was a case like hundreds, perhaps thousands, of others. The man, whoever he was—for she had never told—had tired of her, had neglected her more and more, and, she being too proud or too unhappy to thrust herself upon him, he had lost sight of her, probably taking it for granted, in that happy-go-lucky way consistent with some men's consciences, that somehow she would be provided for. Doubtless if he had known to what condition she had sunk he would have considered it his duty to have aided her; but, curiously enough, he had not considered it his duty to find out what had become of her. The incident had probably not so much as ruffled his conscience.

Why should it have? Though no better, he was no worse than many others. And so at that very moment he might be quietly smoking his cigar at his club, or preparing to lead a german at Delmonico's. As for the human "derelict"—she might drift till she sank.

But though inwardly excited, Allen could not fail to observe the change that had come over Tillie. She had evidently been ministering to the poor sufferer while they had been on the "Island," and contact with that penitent soul seemed to have softened her whole nature, until, instead of brazen effrontery, a sense of her shame was reflected in her face.

When at last the thin pale lips moved—it was not until next morning—Allen, as he bent over the girl, could barely hear, "Would—she—come to me—before—I die?"

He turned inquiringly to Tillie.

"She means the 'prison angel,' at Jefferson Market."

"Miss Northrup?"

Tillie nodded assent.

Allen had frequently met the "angel" through her mission-work. He knew that she was to be married in a few days, and that some one else was taking her place at the prison. But he also knew her noble character, and was sure a note from him would bring her to this bedside.

He had not been mistaken. That evening a cab stopped at the mission. He saw a tall, fine-looking fellow alight first and help Miss Northrup out. He behaved with a happy air of proprietorship which satisfied Allen that he was her betrothed. A few minutes later they entered the sick-room.

The girl lay with her eyes closed. The lines of sorrow and suffering in her face stood out more sharply from the white pillows. She did not appear to notice the entrance of the visitors. The "angel" cast a look of pity upon her, gently laid a bunch of violets upon her breast, and then stepped over to a table to unpack a small basket. Her betrothed remained standing at the foot of the bed. The surroundings were novel to him, and he seemed to feel a little awkward.

Suddenly Allen felt a hand close upon his arm with the grip of a vise. Turning, he beheld the dying girl sitting upright in bed. Those deep dark eyes, whose glance he had seen break the night before, were now fixed, ablaze with hatred, upon the man who stood there, pale and trembling, stricken with terror, yet, indeed, also with sudden grief and remorse, and who looked beseechingly from her to where stood, unconscious of the scene, the woman who was to become his wife. The girl followed his look. She saw who stood at the table, but she quickly turned her eyes from her to the despoiler, whom fate seemed to have brought into her power. Allen knew what was passing in her heart. Should she wreak vengeance on this man, even if it marred the life of the woman who had appeared to her like a ministering angel in prison, or should she leave him to that woman's redeeming mercy?

The missionary, no less than the man whose happiness was at stake, breathlessly awaited her answer, for Allen felt that the future of his mission-work depended upon it. Here was a soul he had hoped to save. Her inborn gentleness, her contrition—though her sin was not wholly or even primarily her own—had caused him to feel that if he could ever lead a sinner to God he could her. If now, at the last moment, she failed him, what hope had he of ever succeeding? Within that frail frame the powers of good and evil were waging a fierce strife for mastery. To Allen it was a greater battle than had ever been fought upon an earthly battle-field. It was a battle for a soul. So he hung upon her lips for the answer with scarcely less trepidation than did the man whom fate had so strangely delivered into her hands.

It came at last, though not in words. On the bed beside her lay the bunch of violets. When she had grasped Allen's arm and raised herself, the flowers had fallen unnoticed from her breast. Did their fragrance, rising like a silent prayer, cause her suddenly to look down and see them, and did they, recalling to her the fair form that had bent over her in the moment of her deepest misery, and the voice that had fallen like music upon her ear, mutely plead for mercy?

She released Allen's arm and sank back, grasping the flowers and pressing them to her lips, as she had done in prison.

When the evening service began Allen and Tillie were still watching. He knew the end was not far distant, but it came even sooner than he thought for.

She had been lying motionless for some time, when she suddenly opened her eyes and tried to raise herself. They lifted her to a sitting posture and propped the pillows behind her. As she looked upwards her gaze seemed to penetrate beyond her surroundings, and to be fixed upon some apparition visible only to herself. Nor was it to either of the faithful watchers she spoke when she murmured,

"Thus it is that woman—poor, weak woman—avenges herself."

In the meeting below they knew that a soul was about to take its flight, and it was with half-hushed voices, which rose softly and permeated the death-chamber with tender music, that they sang,

"I shall walk with Him in white."

SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES AND THEIR GUARDIANS.

WHEN, through the operations of our recklessly improvident population, the disproportion between forest-covered and denuded earth surfaces in the United States had become so great as to affect climatic conditions, anxiety began to arise in the minds of the cautious and public-spirited, and sentiment in favor of forest preservation was born. It also became apparent to the minds of many that the natural wonders of our wonderful country should be reserved for the free and equal enjoyment of all, and that opportunity should not be afforded the rapacious few to levy tribute upon their less fortunate fellow-citizens.

The first outward manifestation of these sentiments was the reservation by Congress of certain lands as national parks, of which the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant are more or less well-known examples. The last three parks are situated in the State of California, in the heart of the "High Sierras."

Speaking of reservations, Mr. John Muir has remarked that "the smallest reserve, and the first ever heard of, was in the Garden of Eden, and though its boundaries were drawn by the Lord, and embraced only one tree, yet the rules were violated by the only two settlers that were permitted on suffrage to live there."

The tendencies of human nature seem not to have materially changed since time began, for it has been found desirable to place the reservations mentioned above under military supervision to preserve the natural wonders contained therein and to prevent encroachment by trespassers.

In the national parks and forest reserves of California the big trees are by far the most interesting and greatest natural feature. There are two varieties, namely, *Sequoia sempervirens*, ordinarily known as the "redwood," the tree which has furnished most of the redwood lumber of commerce, and *Sequoia gigantea*, from which a comparatively small amount of similar lumber has also been made. The former is the smaller variety, and grows on the foothills along the coast; the latter attains a considerably larger growth, is, more strictly speaking, the "big tree" of California, and is seldom found at a lower altitude than 5000 feet.

Scattered along the extent of the Sierra Nevadas from north to south are many distinct and separate groups or groves of *Sequoia gigantea*. These are generally known by names significant of locality, as, for instance, "Calaveras," "Tuolumne," "Mariposa," and "Fresno," names of the counties in which the groves so called are situated. The Tuolumne Grove is in the Yosemite Park, and the Mariposa near by. This latter is the one most frequently visited by tourists, and contains the "Wawona"—a tree with a hole burnt in its base, through which the stage road runs and four-horse stages are driven without difficulty—and the "Grizzly Giant," one of the largest trees in the world.

The stately grandeur of these enormous and lofty trees is so impressive it seems quite fit and natural that some of the larger ones should have been individualized and honored with distinguished titles. Nearly every State in the Union and every distinguished general of the civil war has a namesake among them. The "General Grant," in the General Grant Park, and the "General Sheridan" of the "Giant Forest" (situated in the Sequoia Park), are individuals of the largest size. It is difficult to determine just which of the big trees is the largest, but these two and the "Grizzly Giant"—the gnarly base of any one of which will exceed thirty feet in diameter—are probably the biggest trees yet discovered.

The trees often grow in such inaccessible mountain retreats that some of the territory covered by them has never yet been thoroughly and systematically explored. Outside the lands reserved by the government, a California lumber company owns several thousand acres of these trees—enough to last forty years, cutting many millions of feet per year. While prospecting a part of the land owned by the firm, some of its officers once discovered a tree of immense and exceptionally uniform proportions, which they named after General Sickles. Shortly afterwards the government ordered from them a section of a tree for the World's Fair at Chicago. An employee well acquainted with the company's land was sent to find and locate "General Sickles." After a fruitless search of six weeks further effort to find it was abandoned, and another tree—possessing the distinction of General Noble's name—was finally selected. The government's specifications called for a section thirty feet long and as nearly cylindrical in shape as possible—to vary not more than a foot in diameter at the ends, the smallest of which was to measure not less than twenty feet. This was a difficult task; for although many could be found considerably larger, they generally taper so much that over a hundred trees had to be "surveyed" (with instruments—the only practical method of measurement) before a suitable tree could be found. The Chicago World's Fair tree now stands in the grounds of the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C.

In this commercial age, when the magnitude of everything is measured by the dollars and cents involved, a few figures will be pardoned. The government contracted to pay $7000 for its thirty-foot section, and it cost nearly all this amount before the company succeeded in delivering it on the cars. A mountain wagon-road five miles long had to be built to get it out, and a trench sufficiently long and as large as the tree itself was dug to fall it in. The *Sequoia gigantea* trees are very brittle, and are liable to break to pieces when carelessly felled. When sawed into lumber they frequently produce an amount that will sell in the local markets for several thousand dollars. A woodsman bought a tree of very moderate size for $30—its remoteness from mill and market being the occasion of its small value. After three months' constant labor he had chopped his tree, and sawed and split it into clapboards, shakes, and grape sticks, which, notwithstanding enormous transportation costs, netted nearly $300 for his labor.

The lumber company above mentioned also furnished the "Centennial Tree," which was cut in the General Grant Park, not a hundred yards from where the "General Grant" now stands in all its majesty. In the same grove lies the "Fallen Monarch," through the burnt-out heart of which a mounted horseman can ride from end to end with more ease than through an ordinary stable door.

A mile or so away once stood a giant which possessed for designation the *nom de guerre* of America's greatest humorist, but it fell a prey to science, and one of its sections now reposes in the British Museum, while another rests in Central Park. What remains of its departed greatness is known as "The Mark Twain Stump," on which eighteen full-sized cavalry-horses easily stood at one time. It is twenty-six feet in diameter.

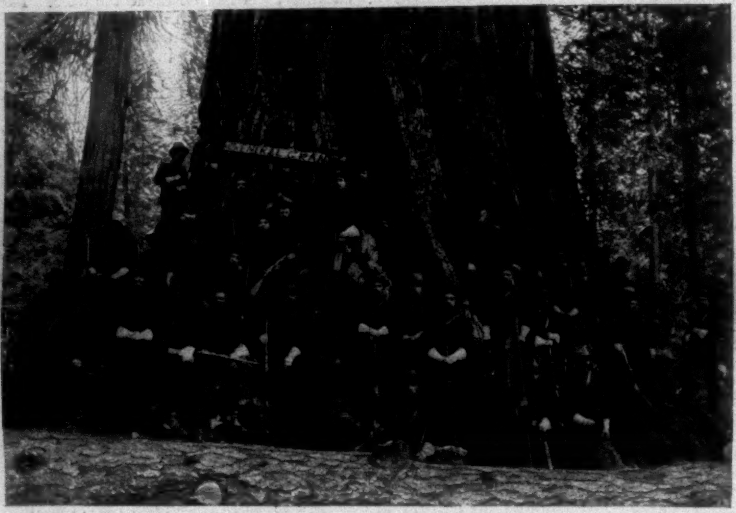
By an actual count of rings of annual growth, many of these trees are shown to be several thousand years older than the Christian era. It seems a sacrilege to destroy anything so ancient.

The photographs of soldiers, horses, and trees accompanying this article furnish a graphic illustration not only of the size of the trees, but also of the training of the horses, which belong to Troop I, Fourth United States Cavalry, commanded by Captain James Lockett, of that regiment. Bringing a horse's training to such a point that he will climb so high and quietly stand there requires much patient effort and intelligent care. He must be taught to rely with perfect confidence upon his friend the rider before such training can be accomplished. It has resulted in this particular instance from hard labor and much experience, on dangerous and difficult mountain trails, while patrolling parks placed by the government under military supervision.

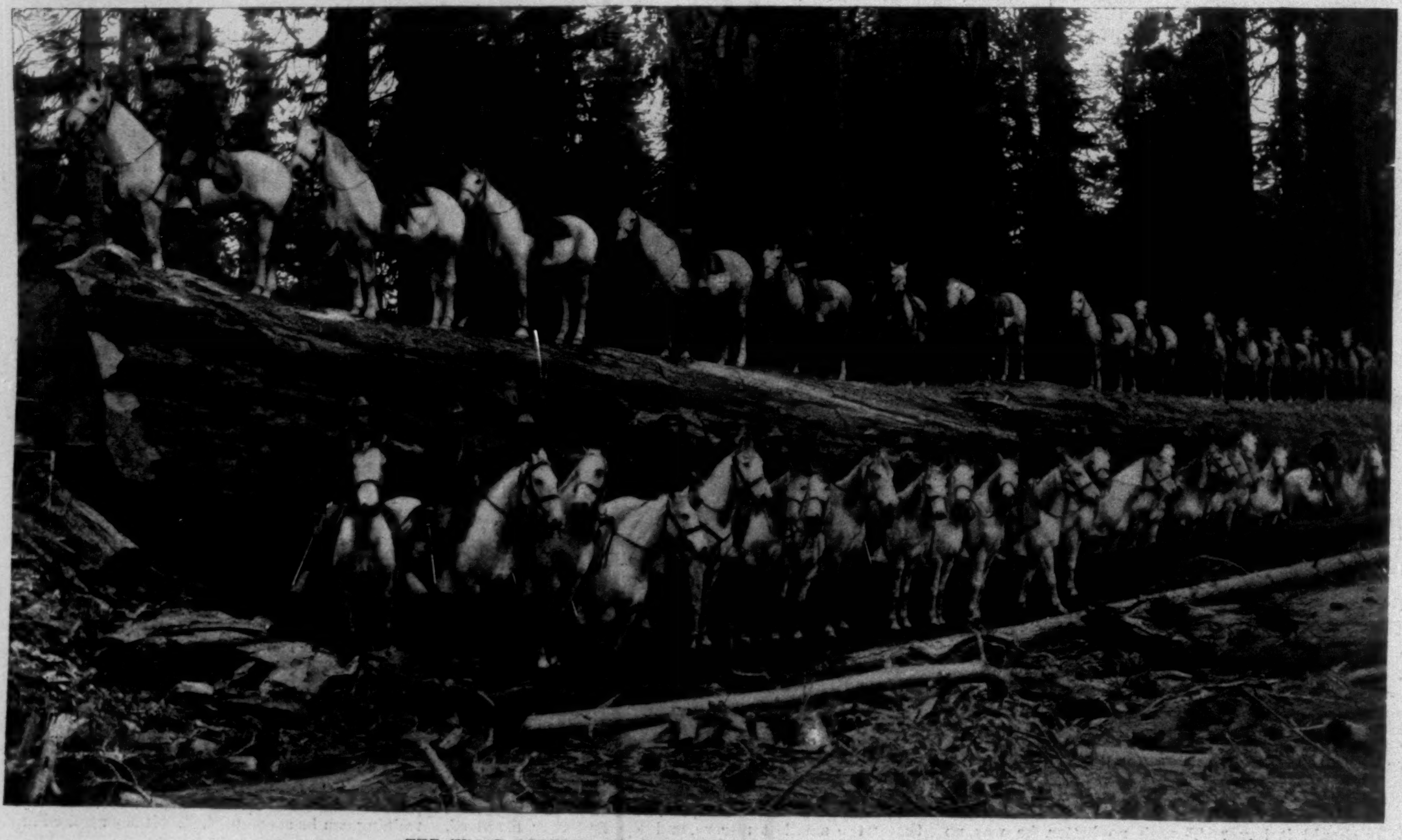
J. FRANKLIN BELL, Lieut. U.S.A.

EIGHTEEN HORSES AND TROOPERS GROUPED ON THE STUMP OF THE "MARK TWAIN."

THE TROOP RIDING THROUGH THE "FALLEN MONARCH."



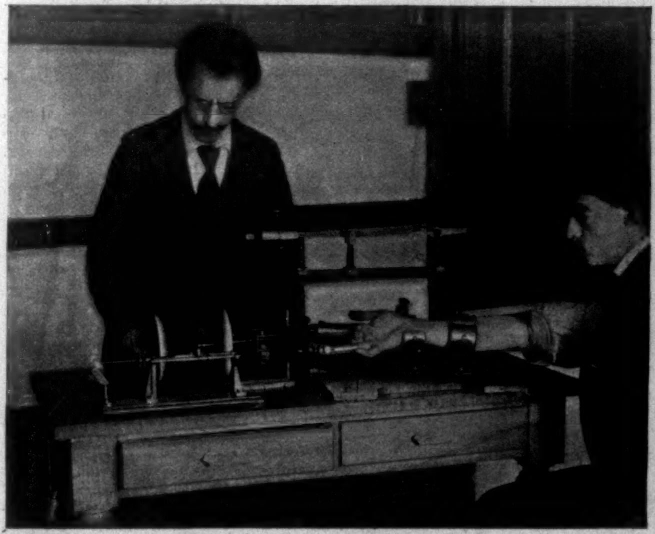
ON THE ROOTS OF THE "GENERAL GRANT."



THE TROOP GROUPED ON AND IN FRONT OF A FALLEN GIANT.

CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES AND THEIR GUARDIANS—TROOP I, FOURTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY, AMONG THE "SEQUOIA GIGANTEA" IN AND NEAR THE GENERAL GRANT NATIONAL PARK.—[See Page 495.]

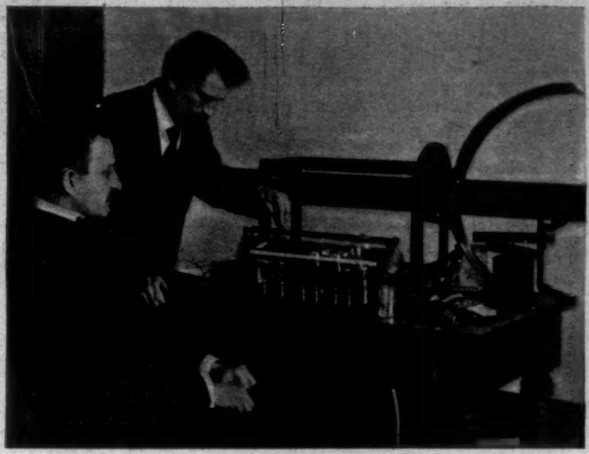
THE OVERFLOW OF THE COTTONWOOD RIVER AT GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA TERRITORY—TWO VIEWS OF THE FLOODED VALLEY.
[See Page 499.]



MEASURING NERVOUS FATIGUE.

RECORDING EMOTIONS.

CEPHALOMETER.



TESTING SENSITIVENESS.

RECORDING THOUGHT.

A SECTION OF THE MAIN LABORATORY.

STEREOGRAPH.

NEW YORK'S PATHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, A DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE HOSPITAL SERVICE.—[See Page 498.]

NEW YORK'S PATHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

In this day of "new journalism," when novelty is the one sure passport to public favor, it seems rather strange that an enterprise at once great and unique could be launched without attracting popular attention. Yet this is possible, for within the past year the State of New York has entered upon a project of vast importance and of absolutely novel character of which the general public has been given hardly an inkling. I doubt whether one person in a thousand in New York has even heard of the existence of the State Pathological Institute, while the persons outside the bounds of its direct influence who fully appreciate the purpose of this institution could probably be counted on one's thumbs and fingers. Yet I repeat that the projection of this institution is an enterprise of vast importance and of absolutely novel character.

The value of this enterprise should not be restricted to any class of the community, as I hope to show before I am through, but primarily it has to do with the interests of the insane. The institute is, in fact, a department of the State Hospital service. It is under the control of the State Commission in Lunacy, and its organization may be considered the culminating achievement up to date in the evolution of the system of State care for the insane which has been developed in New York within the past decade. This system, it may be desirable to explain, now includes fifteen State hospitals (formerly known as asylums), caring for 20,000 patients, and commanding the exclusive services of about 150 resident physicians. Each hospital is governed by a medical superintendent, acting under authority of a local board of trustees. The Commission in Lunacy is the unifying head of the entire system—the commander-in-chief, so to speak, of the army as a whole. The president of this commission from the time of its establishment until last year was Dr. Carlos F. Macdonald. His successor, the present incumbent of the office, is Dr. Peter M. Wise.

With the details of this great system we have no present concern. For our present purpose it is sufficient to think of the entire hospital system as constituting one gigantic institution, with 20,000 patients, all of them mentally diseased. The Pathological Institute is the laboratory—the scientific department, if you choose—of this vast hospital.

In so characterizing it, I would not by any means be understood as implying that no scientific work is done in any other department. On the contrary, the daily vocation of every one of the 150 resident physicians is more or less a scientific occupation. By these physicians the individual patients must be examined, studied, treated. But, in the nature of the case, the experience of each physician must be limited to relatively few cases, whereas the full value of his observations can be brought out only when comparison is made with the observations of his 149 fellow-workers. To make such comparisons will be one of the chief functions of the institute. I shall illustrate presently the way in which this will be accomplished.

GENERAL PURPOSES.

But the institute will be much more than a mere co-ordinator of the scientific activities of the existing hospitals. It has, in addition, its own special functions, lying in a field which the hospitals, as such, cannot enter. Its corps of workers will have both time and technical facilities not at the disposal of the resident physicians, enabling them to make special scientific studies hitherto quite impracticable. The avowed object of these studies is the discovery of the diseased conditions of brain and nerve cells which manifest themselves in mental alienation. To this end, studies of normal tissues must be undertaken for comparison, and in particular an investigation of numerous slightly abnormal conditions of brain and mind—the half-way stations to insanity—which lie quite without the domain of the hospital physician. For example, during that heated term last summer when so many deaths occurred from sunstroke, the institute made a special investigation of the microscopic brain conditions attending these fatal cases in New York. Similarly alcoholism, epilepsy, the delirium attending fevers, cases of poisoning, and the like, will be studied; and the results in the long-run will probably lead to the appreciation of general laws of brain activity that will be of inestimable service in the prevention and cure of insanity itself. Such, very briefly, is the aim and purpose of the Pathological Institute. Now a few paragraphs as to the details of its organization.

ORGANIZATION.

The local habitation of the institute is at No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York city. The Director is Dr. Ira Van Gieson; the Assistant Director and Chief Associate in Pathology is Dr. Henderson B. Deady. These gentlemen, acting under the general supervision of the State Commission in Lunacy, attend to the practical machinery of the institution. Their special scientific studies, and those of another associate, Dr. B. Onuf, will have to do with pathology proper, which in the present instance means chiefly the microscopical appearances of diseased brain and nerve tissues. Almost every one is aware nowadays that there is a very close connection between physical conditions in the brain and mental states, and that insanity is the mental equivalent of diseased physical structures in the brain. In a gross general way this is easily demonstrable as regards some forms of mental disease, but on the whole it is fair to say that pathology has hardly taken more than the first steps toward a full understanding of these conditions.

Indeed, it is only within recent years that the practical methods of manipulation have been discovered which make possible a really satisfactory microscopic study of brain tissues. Hitherto the fluids used in hardening the tissues prior to cutting them into microscopic sections were of such a nature as to greatly alter and mar the appearance of the tissues themselves, so that it often happened that what the microscopist took to be diseased tissue was really only a result of laboratory changes. But by recent methods much of this danger is obviated, and now the student may explore the magnified brain cell—the thinking mechanism, if the term be permissible—with some assurance that its seeming anomalies tell of diseased ante-mortem conditions. He does not see the live cell, it is true—for that he must await some X-ray development not yet in sight—but he can at least compare the diseased cell with normal cells under similar conditions. When this has been done with a large series of tissues, we shall know much more about the exact physical conditions that underlie insanity than we do to-day. And beyond peradventure such knowledge as to causes must aid us toward a knowledge of preventive and remedial measures which will be of positive and practical benefit to the person who is verging toward insanity, and to him who has reached that undesirable goal.

BIOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

I have just spoken of the necessity of comparison between diseased and normal tissues. The utility of such comparisons, in itself obvious, is by no means confined to the observation of human brain cells, or indeed of human tissues of any kind. The brain, though in a sense an isolated organ, is by no means an independent one. Its interests are linked with those of other tissues, and very frequently, indeed, it is a disease of some outlying organ that first interferes with normal brain functioning, and so leads to insanity. Moreover, there is the closest analogical affinity between human tissues and the tissues of other living creatures. Our brains and minds are by no means the isolated entities we sometimes think them. A vast number of other creatures have brains, and all living creatures have minds of some sort; and the same broad outlines of activity prevail from lowest to highest. Therefore the nerve ganglion of a worm, or, for that matter, the single cell of an amœba, may teach us something about the method of activity of the human brain cell which direct study of the brain cell itself could by no possibility reveal.

For this reason it is that the Pathological Institute needs, and has very wisely provided for, the services of an associate in biology. Dr. Arnold Graf holds this position. The establishment of this department has been criticised on the ground that lower forms of life—dredged up, for example, from the bottom of the ocean—would seem to be very far afield from the study of insanity, which is the avowed object of the institute. But, as often happens, the critics are wrong, as any one who will thoughtfully consider the close analogies now known to exist between different classes of organic beings must see for himself. I venture to predict that, if conducted along projected lines, the Biological Department of the institute will not be its least important department when the final results are estimated. It does sound a little odd, I admit, to be told that material for the institute is being gathered at the bottom of the Mediterranean, and in the same breath that the purpose of the institution is to learn how to prevent and cure insanity; but there is nothing really incongruous in the two statements, as I have tried to show.

The other classified special departments of the institute justify themselves without particular defence, their connection with the subject of brain disease being perfectly obvious. They are the Department of Physiological Chemistry, under direction of Dr. Phœbus Levene; the Department of Psychology, in charge of Dr. Boris Sides; the Department of Bacteriology, in charge of Dr. H. Harlon Brooks; and the Department of Anthropology, in charge of Dr. A. Hrdlicka.

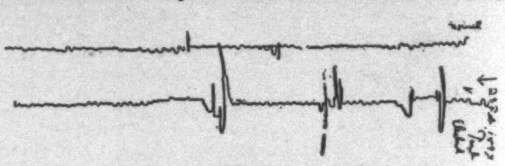
CHEMISTRY AND BACTERIOLOGY.

The work of the departments of Physiological Chemistry and of Bacteriology, for the present, at any rate, will consist of the investigation of those bodily secretions and excretions which may become poisonous if reabsorbed into the system, or when otherwise retained in the blood, producing what is called auto-infection. Such poisons are being formed in the system constantly, even under the most normal conditions, and their retention, through defect of the secretory organs, produces well-recognized diseases. Under abnormal conditions the character of the bodily waste products may be altered, so that new poisons are developed which the secretory organs cannot readily cope with. Such autotoxines have long been supposed to have a share in the production of insanity, yet they have been but little subjected to critical examination, owing to the extreme delicacy of manipulation necessary to their full investigation. At the institute such examinations are already under way. The work of last summer led to a provisional explanation of sunstroke as due to the development in the system of such a poison.

Now studies are being made by the Acting Associate in Chemistry, Dr. S. Bookman, of the secretions of patients suffering from one of the most dreadful forms of insanity, which is technically called acute delirious mania. It is a condition in which the patient is literally a "raving maniac," one of the very few types of mental disease which at all closely conform to the popular conception of insanity. Fortunately this form of disease is rather rare, for, aside from its very painful character, it almost always ends fatally. As yet alienists know very little as to its exact cause, and rather less as to any specific treatment that is of value. At the institute the secretions of several cases are being analyzed, in the hope of isolating an organic poison which is suspected to be at the bottom of the difficulty. One way of testing the secretions as to their toxicity is to inoculate rabbits. This usually kills the rabbits, of course, but I presume even the most tender-hearted person will not object to this, when it is reflected that the procedure may lead shortly to a direct saving of human life.

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY.

Nevertheless, the procedures in some other departments are doubtless more pleasant for the lay mind to contemplate than those in the chemical laboratory. Perhaps the most interesting of all, to the casual observer, are the methods of the Department of Psychology; at all events, the art editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY seemed to find them so when he went there with me the other day. He was not satisfied till he had personally tested—or rather had been tested by—every instrument, from that which records muscular exhaustion under exertion to that showing electrical resistance. But the things that chiefly held his attention were the machines which show the unconscious unity of action between the mind and various muscles. If, for example, you breathe through a tube of proper construction, connected with a pointer which makes a tracing on a revolving cylinder, the record thus secured will roughly outline the emotions to which you were subject during the experiment. Ordinarily the line runs in a uniform oscillatory course, but when an emotion is developed in your mind—as from the odor of a rose, on the one hand, or the prick of a pin on the other—at once the recording pointer begins some striking gyrations. For accurate scientific tests it is used in another way, being connected with straps fastened about the chest. There



A RECORD OF EMOTIONS.

are many ways in which it may be practically useful—as in testing the sensibilities of a person suspected of shamming.

Perhaps it is not generally known that our bodies keep step, so to speak, with every mental impulse. When you imagine yourself making a trip up the street, your entire muscular system strains a little in that direction, as if about to put the thought into execution. An interesting proof of this is furnished by an instrument called an automotograph. This is really a far more simple instrument than its name would seem to imply. It consists essentially of a piece of thin board, perhaps four inches square, suspended by the corners, attached to which is a wire bent so as to touch a table just to one side and make a tracing there on a piece of blackened paper. My companion tested the machine. He had been told that if he rested his hand lightly on a board, closed his eyes, and imagined any trip, the pointer would record the trip on the blackened paper, though he might be quite unconscious that his hand had moved at all. He was sceptical, but the trial made him a convert, for an imagined trip from Franklin Square to the Battery and from thence up to Seventy-seventh Street was recorded on the blackened paper quite as accurately as could be expected of a hand without eyes. A reproduction of a similar record is given herewith. It is just such unconscious muscular strain as

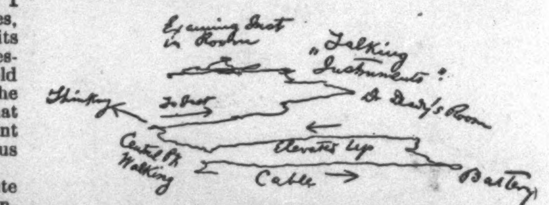


CHART FROM AUTOMOTOGRAPH.

this which enables the so-called mind-readers, while holding your hand, to find the key you have hidden and perform similar feats. With the gullible their feat passes for mind-reading, but it really is only "muscle-reading," as the automotograph shows clearly enough.

DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY.

I must not stop to refer here to the technical uses to which these instruments will be put, for even now I have left myself far too little space properly to refer to that corner of the institute which in a sense includes within its scope the work of all the other sections—the Department of Anthropology. Pretty nearly anything that concerns mankind might be included, directly or indirectly, in the science of anthropology, hence the limits of this department may be substantially what the head of the department chooses to make them. As here interpreted the scope is wide, for it is intended to apply the statistical method to the study of the entire population of the State hospitals, patients and employés alike, aggregating something like 25,000 individuals.

Any investigation that takes into account 25,000 individuals is plainly an undertaking of some magnitude, but that figure gives only a faint idea of the work here planned. To appreciate it fully one must glance at the seven or eight different folio sheets on which data concerning each individual are to be recorded. A single one of these provides for nearly a hundred measurements. Others inquire as to the family history, the individual history, the general and special physical and mental conditions, and so on. It would take, I should estimate, not far from an hour's time to secure the required data for each individual; to get the entire set would require at least ten years, if one man had it all to do. But one man does not have it all to do; on the contrary, as we have seen, there are 150 physicians in the hospital service, between whom the work is divided. And exactly here appears the value of the method; for the records that any one of these observers could individually secure would by themselves be next to worthless, the number being too small to afford any safe generalizations; whereas when the 150 sets of observations are brought together and compared, valuable results are sure to be apparent. Just what these results will be cannot be foretold—else to make the examinations were needless; but that they will be of lasting importance can hardly be doubted, provided of course that the scheme is carried to completion. And of that, I may add, there is little question; for Dr. Hrdlicka has an abundant fund of enthusiasm of the kind that is contagious, while the State hospital service has no dearth of young physicians of energy and scientific acumen. The work will take time, of course, and not a little labor; but the game is worth the candle—if so flippant a phrase may be pardoned in connection with so serious a subject.

FINAL PURPOSES.

While I sat in the Anthropological Department, looking over charts, and admiring the latest forms of instruments for measuring skulls, taking facial angles, and the like, Dr. Van Gieson looked in to remind me, as he said, that I must not let the enthusiasm of the heads of departments blind me to the fact that, after all, the institute is primarily an institute of pathology—that is, for the study of disease; and perhaps I cannot do better than revert to this thought prominently in closing. Biology, physiological chemistry, psychology, anthropology—these are all

important sciences in and for themselves; but the institute is concerned with them only in so far as they lead to knowledge that will be of value in the prevention and cure of insanity. It is the biology of nerve cells, the chemistry of compounds that affect the brain, the psychology of perverted states, and that part of anthropology which has to do with abnormal man that will ultimately concern the students at the institute. You cannot draw sharp dividing-lines and narrow boundaries, else you so limit your view that you miss the goal; but the goal itself will not for a moment be forgotten. In the end there will be less insanity developed and a larger percentage of cures in our asylums because of the founding of the Pathological Institute—else the institution will not have justified itself.

That it will thus justify itself every alienist must hope, and I for one believe. No effort precisely like this has ever before been made anywhere in the world, so far as I know, on any such scale. New York has set the pace for the whole world in this newest and most scientific method of benefiting the insane, as France set it a century ago, when Pinel struck the shackles from the inmates of the Parisian asylums. The wisdom of Pinel inaugurated a new era in the history of the insane; the founding of New York's Pathological Institute may mark another and even brighter era. I am aware that this sounds enthusiastic, but I feel that the subject is one that justifies enthusiasm.

THE FLOOD AT GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE city of Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, has ten thousand inhabitants, who have disposed themselves over two hills and a wide flat valley which lies between. This valley is a mile wide, and is traversed by the sweeping curves of the Cottonwood River, which runs between banks twenty or thirty feet high. Within the town limits the valley was thickly covered with houses, one section being given over exclusively to a large colony of negroes, who migrated there just after the "Run."

North of the negro settlement is the main thoroughfare connecting the two hills of the town; and beyond, the valley widens for two miles, until the muddy Cottonwood slips into the brackish Cimarron. By April the valley is green with waving wheat and fields of alfalfa.

Guthrie has existed but eight years. Previous to that it was unbroken prairie, the Indians' hunting-grounds. In departing, the Indians left behind them traditions of a flood in the Cottonwood Valley, but settlers disregarded these tales as belonging to Indian mythology.

On April 24 a severe rain-storm fell in that section of the country, and for two days the Cottonwood continued to rise, climbing its steep banks, and flowing with unwonted power and rapidity. No one thought of danger, and regarded the swollen stream with curious interest as it crept foot by foot up the precipitous banks.

After the rain ceased, the easy-going, inconsequent negroes improvised fish-lines, and came from shacks and dug-outs to fish.

Just as the river began to lower, the country was visited with a cloud-burst. During the night the water from above came pouring down the river, and, on reaching the wide valley, leaped from its bed, spread over the land, and advanced in a solid wall of rushing water, against which no human being could stand.

The flood was heard approaching, but the sound was not understood save by those on the hills, who could look the length of the valley and see the tide approaching, devastating all in its progress.

The hour was six o'clock in the morning, just after sunrise, and most of the inhabitants were asleep in their beds.

On the hill in West Guthrie a man saw from his windows the approaching flood, and mounting his horse, rode swiftly down on to the plain, arousing the sleeping inmates of the houses and bidding them flee for their lives. He shouted as he went, exhorting every one to run to the hills; but the people were dazed and incredulous, and many refused to heed the alarm.

The flood came in two waves, after which the water began a steady rise of three feet an hour. People took refuge on house-tops, and were floated away. They climbed into their four-year-old peach-trees, which refused their weight, or were too small to support them long above the rising waters, and they fell into the flood.

The sidewalks, which in this district were all of planks, went floating and whirling about in the waters, and knocked people from their places of refuge. The large bridge further up the stream broke from its moorings and sailed swiftly toward the next bridge, which it pushed from its fastenings, and the force of the two together carried away the only remaining bridge, thus cutting off all communication between the people on the high ground and those who were battling for life.

Within an hour after the flood those in safety could see people clinging to trees and wreckage, appealing for help, and one by one dropping into the flood from exhaustion. Rafts were hastily constructed for the work of rescue, but the force of the current seized them and tossed them down the stream, adding them to the wreckage of the flood, while those who manned them only saved their own lives by desperate effort.

Notwithstanding this, three brave men swam the current and loosened from its moorings a pleasure-boat on the opposite bank of the river proper, and succeeded in saving twenty-five persons. Some were saved by means of a well-thrown lariat, and others on swimming horses.

All day the rescuers worked, but night settled down upon the scene, leaving many terrified and suffering beings, cold and hungry, with the possibility of death always before them.

The flood, two miles in width, poured into the Cimarron from the level country, carrying with it the floating wreckage. Those watching it from the Santa Fe Railroad bridge counted a hundred small houses floating down the stream during the day. The wreckage began to pile itself against the supports of the bridge, and the efforts of two hundred men were required to protect it and to save the lives of many who were clinging to the floating wood. The bodies of those who were seized by the current will probably never be recovered, as the river sweeps on to the Arkansas.

It is impossible to estimate correctly the number of the missing. While it will doubtless fall far below the earlier guesses, which placed it at about a hundred, privation, injuries, and illness from exposure will doubtless cause still further loss of life.

The water was filled with live-stock, and some of the struggling animals swam to shore. Many horses, after brave efforts, reached the land, only to be entangled in the invisible meshes of cruel barbed wire with which the district is fenced, and which the muddy waters concealed.

The property loss is placed at $200,000, this including the city water-works and injured vineyards and crops. The business portion of the town and its handsomest resident districts are all on high ground, and so escaped destruction, otherwise the property losses would have been incalculably greater.

The flooded district was mainly in the negro quarters. These poor people have in most instances lost the little homes which they had secured by years of patient industry, representing small money value, but all that the owners possessed in the world. Many of the negroes lived in dug-

(*Continued on page 500.*)

A POUND OF FACTS is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

THE public know DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is the only genuine—no substitutes.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

As an example of the effectiveness of judicious advertising when placed with a class of publications enjoying international circulation, General Passenger Agent Townsend, of the Missouri Pacific System, is in receipt of a postal card from a resident of Tjimahi, Preanger Regencies, Netherland, East Indies, requesting a copy of "Ideal Hunting and Fishing Pamphlet." The writer in his application stated that he had seen the advertisement in Sportsman's Number of *Harper's Weekly*, which was issued October, 1896. Mr. Townsend for several years past has been a periodical patron of the advertising columns of Harper's publications, and states that he is well pleased with the results obtained.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Be sure you get Pears.

THE LEADER

Among soaps for softening and beautifying the skin and rendering it clear and transparent is Pears'. There is nothing equal to it. Established over 100 years. 20 International Awards. All sorts of stores sell it—especially druggists; all sorts of people use it. There are soaps offered as substitutes which are dangerous—be sure you get

Pears' Soap.

FROM "POPULAR DENTISTRY" BY G. F. J. COLBURN, D.D.S.

TARTAR OR CRUST UPON THE TEETH—TREATMENT.

[*A copy of this pamphlet by mail, free, on application to Hall & Ruckel, New York.*]

IN its soft state this is of a creamy consistency and color, accumulating around the necks of the teeth, where they enter the gums, and if allowed to remain any length of time it becomes hard and dark colored, and almost imperceptibly pushes away the gum from the tooth, and by insinuating itself between it and the tooth deprives it of its support, and by allowing irritating substances to come in contact with the investing membranes produces a looseness of the tooth and inflammation, with its accompanying results. This substance also causes a bad breath, and by loosening the gums from the teeth causes them to present oftentimes an unsightly appearance. All these effects can be guarded against by a thorough use of the brush and some good dentifrice.

(*To be continued week after next.*)

ONE INSTANCE IN WHICH DELAY IS DANGEROUS—

If the teeth, attacked by tartar, have lost their enamel, it is too late to save them; but if not, use SOZODONT at once, the liquid daily, the powder twice a week. Both in one package. Druggists.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK Proprietors LONDON

A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma Soap for the postage, three cents.

You Will Make No Mistake

When taking out Life Insurance in

The Prudential

The PRUDENTIAL has the STRENGTH of GIBRALTAR.

A solid, reliable Company, with years of experience and Millions of Dollars behind it.

Assets,	- -	$19,541,827
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Send for information.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America,
Home Office, Newark, N. J.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

No. 4711. ESSENCE OF RHINE VIOLETS

A lasting scent of rare Fragrance and Delicacy. Has all the true odor of fresh natural Violets.
BE SURE AND GET "No 4711"

No 4711 RHINE VIOLET TOILET WATER the latest novelty.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U.S. AGENTS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The Princess of Wales
ORDERS
JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

Marlborough House, S. W.
Please send for the use of H. R. H., the Princess of Wales, six dozen of JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT as soon as possible. Kindly give two bottles to bearer for to-day's luncheon.
Yours faithfully,
JOHN GWILLIM, Cellarman
For H. R. H.

The genuine **JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract** makes Flesh and Blood. One dozen bottles of the genuine **JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract** will give more strength and contains more nutritive elements than one cask of ale or porter, without being intoxicating.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

(Continued from page 499.)

outs, and some of these were still asleep when the flood came, and were drowned like animals in a hole.

Two days after the flood the Cottonwood River was back again within its banks and the flooded district nearly dry, but almost unrecognizable by its former inhabitants. Houses stand in the middle of thoroughfares, sidewalks are gone, and fence-lines are demolished.

The work of restoration was immediately begun, and Guthrie is repairing the injuries of the accident without calling upon outside cities for aid, showing the ability and independence of the capital city of our youngest Territory.

FINGERS AND TOES AT A DISCOUNT.

British philosophers have of late been somewhat perturbed over what seems a very simple question. They cannot agree as to what is the best way to count. Americans who have had occasion to use British money will not be surprised that some new means of counting should be thought desirable in England. But it appears that this phase of the subject is not the one under discussion. No thorough-going Briton entertains any doubt as to the perfection of the British system of counting money. What they do question is whether the decimal system of computing other things is the perfect method that its French originators think it.

At first thought it seems as if there could be but one answer to that question, the advantages of the decimal system are so patent. Yet so keen a thinker as Mr. Herbert Spencer does not hesitate to affirm that a quite different system of counting would be superior to this familiar one. He calls attention to the fact of 100 not being evenly divisible by 3 as an obvious defect, and suggests that the number 60, which is evenly divisible by 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, would be in some regards a more satisfactory standard. Lord Kelvin, however, upholds the decimal system.

Of course every one understands that the decimal system has been almost universally employed by all peoples who have elaborated any system of counting whatever, and that the reason for this is that man chances to be endowed with ten fingers and ten toes. Various ways in which primitive peoples name the numerals—as "a whole hand and one" for 6; "both hands and one toe" for 11; "the whole" for 20, and the like—have afforded great interest to the ethnologist. But while this mode of origin of the usual method of counting is perfectly understood, yet such is the power of custom that the average person will no doubt find it difficult to rid his mind of the idea that the number 10 differs inherently from the other numbers, and is peculiarly adapted to form the basis of mathematical systems, Mr. Spencer to the contrary notwithstanding.

In any event, when one reflects that the metrical system of computing weights, measures, and distances—which, whatever its defects, has obvious advantages over the systems it was intended to supplant—has made such comparatively slight progress in a century, one need have little fear of being obliged to learn a new system of counting in our generation. The divisible 60 will find it a very difficult task to supplant the orthodox 100, though the entire scientific world were to unite with England's greatest living philosopher in singing its praises.

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD W. MEADE.

There was no better-known naval officer in the service than Rear-Admiral Richard W. Meade, who died unexpectedly in Washington on May 4. He was not yet sixty years old, and though he was retired two years ago at his own request, as the result of a difference of opinion with Mr. Cleveland's administration, he was still regarded as an officer whose services would be of value and available if they were needed. He was born in New York in October, 1837, and was a nephew of General Meade who commanded at Gettysburg. He was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1855, and fought gallantly and successfully in the civil war. His work on the Mississippi was officially commended by Admiral Porter in 1862. His services in command of the *Marblehead*, off South Carolina, in December, 1863, were commended by Captain Balch, and he was thanked in general orders by Admiral Dahlgren for gallant conduct in the face of the enemy. He was again officially thanked by Commodore Palmer for services in Louisiana in January, 1865. He cruised, in 1871-3, in the *Narragansett* in the Pacific, and was commended by the Secretary of the Navy for various important services on this cruise, and particularly for judgment and skill in negotiating a treaty with the Samoan Islands. He was commissioned Captain in March, 1880, commanded the *Vandalia* in a long cruise of thirty-nine months, and was very highly commended by his admiral for efficiency as a commanding officer. In September, 1887, he assumed command of the navy-yard at Washington, and in August, 1894, of the North Atlantic Squadron. He was retired in May, 1895, after forty years' service.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

Do not be wrongfully prejudiced against a bottled Cocktail until you have tried the "Club" brand. The principle is correct, the ingredients the best, and the result is all that can be desired. Try them and satisfy yourself.

These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

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39 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.
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·SOLD EVERYWHERE·
SENT BY MAIL UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT SUPPLY YOU.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.

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Luxurious Writing!

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Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, Ball-Pointed pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of* 24 *pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*
H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William Street, New York.
J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
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A. C. McClurg & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
Brown Bros., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.
We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.
We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.
THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.
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Good Health and Good Cheer flow from every bottle of HIRES Rootbeer

(CARBONATED)

Always ready, always delicious, always pure and healthful. Sparkling, effervescent, revivifying. A temperance drink for everybody. Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRES and the signature, *Charles E. Hires Co.*, are on each bottle.

Package of HIRES Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold, as formerly, by all dealers.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.

THE SMITH & WESSON AUTOMATIC SHELL EXTRACTOR

They are out before you know it. Send for our Catalogue of 12 different styles

SMITH & WESSON., 15 STOCKBRIDGE ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Won't Come Off the Roof

A paint that stays on 15—18—20 years. A paint that can't be changed by heat, cold, dampness, dryness, acids or alkalies. For roofs, bridges, and all exposed metal, wood and brick work.

DIXON'S SILICA GRAPHITE PAINT

does the best work at the least cost. Has twice the covering capacity and wears three times longer than any other paint.
Ask your paint dealer for our practical literature of paint, or send name and address.
JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO. Jersey City, N. J.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR (Czar's Violets) CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
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THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS
PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist
PIANOS and the refined musical public
NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK
CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R
THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SELECT EUROPEAN PARTIES
leave New York June 26, July 8 and 28. Six to twelve weeks' tours. Strictly first class. For particulars address Mrs. M. A. CROSLEY, 502 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 853 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF NOTES FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

A TALK ABOUT RULES AND CLUBS.

WHATEVER the difference of view between England and America in the matter of the propriety of playing for club sweepstakes, or for playing a professional with a small stake on the result, there are certain questions of the rules on which both countries unite in desiring an answer. Mr. Macdonald, captain of the Chicago Club and vice-president of the United States Golf Association, has written to the present writer on the matter, and the latter has communicated the substance of his remarks to *Golf*, the principal golfing paper in Great Britain. The points emphasized by Mr. Macdonald as requiring definition relate (1) to the rule authorizing the replacement of a ball knocked away by an opponent's ball, (2) the rule forbidding the touching of anything, except while taking stance, when the ball lies in a bunker, and (3) the rule relating to lost ball. There are other points that Mr. Macdonald mentions, but they do not reveal in quite such naked simplicity a need for further elucidation, and the ways of supplying the needs are not quite so obvious.

With respect to the first and last of those rules which seem in need of definition, a very simple addition is all that either requires. To satisfy the first requirement it is only necessary to say that the option of replacement shall be exercised before the ball is played, which, after the exercise of the option, shall be farther from the hole. (It is necessary to insert "after the option is exercised," because the replacement may alter the relative distances of the two balls from the hole.) And with regard to the lost-ball rule, Mr. Macdonald's difficulty being that the rule makes no provision for the case of both sides losing a ball, it seems only necessary to add that in this event the hole shall be considered halved, irrespective of the number of strokes that each side may have played. Now and again, no doubt, this might work unfairly, when the side which had played but two strokes to the other's twenty-two should happen to lose the ball, but the supposed case would seldom occur—so seldom that it may perhaps be overlooked. It is impossible to legislate for every possibility.

The rule relating to the touching of sand in a bunker no doubt works unjustly now and then—a man may inadvertently carry his club at the trail, and so touch the sand with it as he enters the bunker. (Mr. Macdonald cites a case in which an opponent claimed the hole because the player let his hat drop into the bunker before playing out of it.) The remedy for this occasional injustice is not so readily apparent as in the other instances cited, but Mr. Macdonald himself offers a suggestion which seems to take all trouble away. His suggestion, most simple and efficacious, is that the area within which it is forbidden to touch the surface of the bunker should be confined to a radius of a club's length from the ball. It is difficult to see how the most uncompromising tory could object to these alterations—which in point of fact are, in two cases out of three, merely further definitions of rules; and in the case of the bunker-touching rule, the sentiment of conservatism should really be on the side of the alteration, for it is in the nature of a reaction, the old rule in respect to the touching of sand having been much less stringent, and fully as liberal as Mr. Macdonald's proposal.

Lately it has happened to the writer to be golfing under circumstances which perhaps conduce to a lax view on the rules of golf—on the "links," namely, of Las Palmas, in the Grand Canary. It is necessary to put the local description within quotation marks to indicate that the name is used in metaphorical sense only, and because the term "green"—the common designation of inland golf-grounds—is still less appropriate. The nature of the soil at Las Palmas is of crumbly sun-dried clay. Thus far, as being of clayey nature, the course conforms to the character of inland greens, and though giving a full and beautiful view of the sea, it lies high above it, and is in no sense a "seaside links." So far, however, from being aptly described by "green," there is scarcely a blade of verdure on these "links," and their special interest lies in the witness they bear to the excellence (speaking relatively, of course) of the golf that it is possible for such unlikely-looking country to afford.

It is, indeed, a deal better than we often enjoy on some of our inland greens, and is played in a climate that, both summer and winter, is as near perfection as can be conceived. Only, for the reasonable enjoyment of the golf, it has been found necessary to take many liberties with the rules—to scrape away stones and crumbs of clay around the ball, until the result is virtually to tee it, and, except in competitions, to steady the ball by a finger held upon it while the earth-working operations are in progress. The putting "greens," so to speak of them, are good and true, formed by beating down the dried clay with a beater until the surface is hard, with a slight coating of pulverized clay. It seems quite worth while publishing the astonishing results that have been achieved with such unpromising raw material, if only by way of encouragement to other folks who may find themselves inclined to despair of constructing a reasonable golf-ground in the arid places of the earth. Of course the strange impertinencies perpetrated on the rules are much to be regretted, but it is difficult to see how golfing life, under the circumstances, could otherwise be tolerable; and, after all, we all proceed on the assumption, often rather far-fetched, that we play the game for pleasure.

The celebrated Mr. Jorrocks once propounded the prodigious question, "Who shall advise a man in the choice of a wife or an 'oss?" Had he been a golfer, he would no doubt have added a golf club to the list of those luxuries whose selection it was monstrous presumption to meddle with. The fact is that it is all very largely a matter of taste. Of course there are such things as bad clubs—bad without qualification—clubs with which if a man play decently it can only be by dint of long use or by virtue of some extraordinary personal qualities. Such clubs are the badly balanced ones, the crooked-shafted ones, the hook-nosed ones, and the whole category of cripples, not to speak of those which are made of green or brittle wood, and so have scarcely long enough life to be criticised. But for the rest there is no hard and fast line to be drawn. Short men play with long clubs, weak men play with heavy clubs, and both play well with instruments apparently so ill-adapted for their physical peculiarities. But besides these eccentricities we are able to trace certain more or less definite changes of fashion in golf clubs that have occurred since the game has ceased to be the exclusive property of Scotland.

The fashion in vogue is for short and light clubs. This is in some sort a return to a fashion of very ancient vogue, for there is nothing new under the sun. Hugh Philp, the master club-maker of a past generation, has handed down to us specimens of his craft, which also are light and short compared with those which were in general use a few years ago. Yet they differed very much in character from the clubs of to-day, for they were slender-shafted, and the heads, instead of being in the round fat shape affected by the moderns, were elegantly elongated. It is never a gracious thing to be praising our own inventions, but it cannot but seem that the round fat shape must be right mechanically, for it masses the weight of the head behind the point on which the ball is struck. If truth is ever obvious, it would appear so here. We think we may claim a definite advance on our golfing forefathers in this particular; and, further, experiment has shown that it is easier to drive straight with the rather bulged driver of to-day than with the long-faced clubs—originally made flat, but soon dented, by hitting, into something of a crescent-moon figure—of the past. It does not do, as has been noted, to be dogmatic in these matters, but certainly it does seem that shortness and lightness of club tend to straight and consistent driving, and however Hugh Philp and his contemporaries may have regarded the problem, it has come rather as a revelation to the present generation that nothing appreciable in length of drive is lost by shortening the club shaft, and that something appreciable in length of drive is gained by lightening the head.

It is the latter aspect of the case that strikes the practical golfer, who is seldom much of a theorist, as a startling novelty. A few years ago the notion in Great Britain used to be that the heavier the club the farther it would drive, provided the wielder were strong enough to use it properly. A fuller experience has seemed to teach us that truth lies nearer the opposite extreme—that the club's driving power is in direct proportion to its lightness, always granted that it be heavy enough to overcome without trouble the resistance of the ball. The reason is apparent to a moment's thought. The length of drive depends (given that the ball be struck by the right part of the club moving in the right direction) mainly on the speed of the club head at the moment of impact.

It is very much easier to make a light head travel fast than a heavy head. To illustrate the truth of this by an extravagant instance, it is easier to make a walking-stick travel fast than an iron crow bar. Both theory and practice, therefore, agree in informing us that we shall do wisely to make our clubs light and short; and, further, experience shows that we shall do well not to have too much spring in the shafts. It is very open to question whether the spring in the shaft has any effect in the way of added length of drive, but it is not open to question at all that it has the effect of making the driving less steady and less straight. Especially is it important that the shafts of clubs intended for approach play up to the hole—of the approaching-iron, the mashie, and the putter—should be stiff.

"Rigid" is the term which it has become usual of late to apply to them, as if the shaft and the iron of the hose were of one piece. This quality in an approaching-club is a great aid to steadiness and straightness, and has the further merit of pitching the ball deader than is possible off a shaft with spring. It certainly appears as if a little extra weight were wanted in the heads of clubs like brassies and driving-irons, which often have to take the ball out of heavy grasses or cuppy lies. A certain weight seems necessary, then, to overcome the resistance of the earth or coarse herbage in which the ball is embedded. But with the driver, which presumably is used only where the ball is teed or lies moderately clean, nothing but the mere weight of the ball should ever meet the club head in the course of the swing.

In Great Britain the use of the iron putter has become so universal that the wooden putter is hardly ever seen. Nevertheless, there are cases in which it might be used with advantage. For running up a long putt over roughish ground it is a better weapon than the iron putter, for it seems to give the ball a livelier run, with more jump about it, enabling the ball to pass lightly over the roughnesses, which off the iron putter it would strike more heavily, as it travelled more closely to the ground.

There are folks who find the use of the iron in approach almost a counsel of despair. Why will not these poor people try a short spoon—the old "baffy"? The stroke with the "baffy" is no less deadly than with the iron. It is a mode of approach that is far less severe on the green, and that it is an attractive stroke to watch no one who has seen it played by the late Sir Robert Hay can possibly deny. No doubt the approach played with cut off the iron or mashie will pitch with less run, but the use of the short wooden spoon is only commended to those who rarely play this iron approach stroke in perfection. It may be easier to play a very brilliant approach shot off iron than off the wood, but certainly it is far easier to play the stroke heinously badly; to cut behind the ball, so that it is but fluffed a few yards into the air, or, in fear of this disaster, to fall into the opposite extreme of topping the ball along the ground. All these things are so much more liable to occur with the iron than with the wood, and the stroke which is not feasible with the wood, and yet is within the achievement of the iron, offers itself comparatively so seldom that the balance in favor of the baffy in the hands of nine players out of ten would be heavy indeed. If the indifferent iron-player would only recognize this simple truth, a happier era would set in both for himself and for the green-keeper.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE LAKEWOOD OPEN TOURNAMENT marked the virtual opening of the metropolitan golfing season, for the results of the two February meetings (Ocean County Hunt and Baltusrol) are hardly worthy of consideration. Play under snow rules and over muddy putting-greens may be a healthy exercise, and even an amusing one, but it is assuredly not golf, and records so made ought not to count in the final summing up of the year's work. At Lakewood the sultry weather and the adamantine hardness of the turf were disturbing factors, but otherwise the conditions were fair for good play. I say fair advisedly, for even at its best Lakewood is far from being an ideal golf course.

In the first place, there are but nine holes, and two of them (the second and the seventh) come under the detestable category of "levellers," or holes at which it is possible to bungle a full shot and yet be on the green in the same number of strokes as your opponent who has played perfect golf. It is true that at both of these holes there are cop-bunkers to catch a straight-topped ball, but a pulled one has still an excellent chance of escape. Tyng, indeed, met with this precise piece of undeserved good fortune in playing the second hole on the first round of his finals with Toler. He drove the ball along the ground and widely to the left, so that with his second he was able to cut the corner of the bunker for a straight road to the green. As it happened, the result of the play was not affected, since Toler had driven into the bunker; but it might have made all the difference between the winning and the halving of the hole. The third hole is also open to criticism in the position of the only bunker. The hole measures 177 yards, and the hazard is placed fifteen yards or so in front of the green. To clear it, a player must get a carry of 160 yards with his tee shot; and how many are there of our amateurs who will back themselves to accomplish the feat, when failure means so much? As a natural result, one plays up short with a cleek and then lofts over, and a hole that should be a pretty constant three is converted into a four. But enough of the demerits of the course. As Dr. Johnson said about the dancing bears, it is a wonder that they dance at all; and as we drive and putt over the mathematically level stretches of the Lakewood country, we may feel properly grateful that the golf is as good as it is.

TWENTY-THREE CLUBS WERE REPRESENTED among the starters for the preliminary medal round on Thursday, and forty-six cards were returned—a big field indeed. There were some familiar names missing, notably W. H. Sands, Livermore, Armstrong, and Stoddart, of the old St. Andrews contingent. And even more surprising was the almost entire absence of the younger element—Cutting, Ward, Terry, Bayard, Hollins, Vanderpool; none of whom were on hand—a defection presumably owing to the pressure of college duties. But this non-appearance is nevertheless a matter for regret, for our golf needs just this younger element for its proper development. Perhaps the coming inter-collegiate tournament may stir things up a bit, but it looks as though the colleges were not as yet alive to the possibilities of the game. Of the new men who did appear, none, with the exception of Robbins (St. Andrews), proved dangerous, and Toler was hardly at his best when he met him in the first match round.

THE REAL CONTEST, AS FORESHADOWED by the preliminary round, was narrowed down to a triangular duel between Tyng (Morris County), Toler (Baltusrol), and Fenn (Palmetto). Fenn came up from Aiken with the prestige of the Southern championship and the advantage of all-winter practice, while Tyng and Toler have been having it hot and heavy of late over the Baltusrol links, with the advantage slightly in favor of the latter. Toler, however, was out of condition from the effects of a recent attack of the grippe, and the battle royal was waged between Tyng and Fenn in the semi-finals. By strokes the match was not particularly good golf, though both men did brilliant work at times, and Tyng's long putting was a great feature. But *the* stroke of the match was Tyng's superb brassie shot at the seventeenth hole. His drive had left him short of the first bunker (210 yards from the tee), and to drive this and the second line of fence called for a carry of at least one hundred and seventy yards. The Morris County champion was one up with two to go, and it seemed a risky chance to take. But success justifies anything, and the workmanlike way in which the shot was brought off well deserved the applause that it received.

TOLER LOST THE FINALS because he could not drive, and he was especially weak on his second shots, being bunkered no fewer than five times on the outward round. But then Tyng put up a game that was practically unbeatable, a couple of short putts being the only serious mistakes fairly chargeable against him. He went away with a rush, scoring the first four holes in thirteen strokes, and showing perfect command of every club in his set. Toler's game, on the contrary, was of the erratic order—lamentable errors, both of judgment and execution, followed by brilliant recoveries and excellent work on the greens. It was a plucky game to watch, but not a winning one against Tyng's machinelike accuracy.

To sum up, Tyng won his double first (gold medal for lowest score in the preliminary medal round, and the Laurel-in-the-Pines Cup) by work that was at once brilliant and steady—in a word, winning golf. Unflinching nerve, infinite carefulness, and dogged determination are the three prominent characteristics of his play, and a man possessed of these qualifications will always be a dangerous antagonist in any line of rivalry. Toler ought to be playing better than ever before, and as driving has always been a strong card with him, he may have his revenge before long. As a matter of record I append the results of the several competitions:

Lowest score in preliminary round—Tyng, 86. Laurel-in-the-Pines Cup—Tyng (Morris County) beat Toler (Baltusrol) 3 up and 2 to play. Consolation Cup—Larocque (Shinnecock) beat Bowers (St. Andrews) 1 up. Handicap won by Brown (St. Andrews), 95 — 12 = 83. Lowest gross score—Toler (Baltusrol), 88.

SOMEWHAT AS A RESULT of the Lakewood tournament was the thirty-six-hole match which followed quickly between Toler and Fenn. Tyng having defeated each at Lakewood left them in perplexity as to the better of the two, a state of mind quieted only by a practical test. So it was arranged to decide the question on the course of the Knollwood Country Club.

Toler had not done himself justice the previous week at Lakewood, and at Knollwood the match was less exciting than it might have been had Fenn played in his best form. At top form these two are very evenly matched, but Toler won easily last week by five up and four to play, making

(Continued from page 499.)

outs, and some of these were still asleep when the flood came, and were drowned like animals in a hole.

Two days after the flood the Cottonwood River was back again within its banks and the flooded district nearly dry, but almost unrecognizable by its former inhabitants. Houses stand in the middle of thoroughfares, sidewalks are gone, and fence-lines are demolished.

The work of restoration was immediately begun, and Guthrie is repairing the injuries of the accident without calling upon outside cities for aid, showing the ability and independence of the capital city of our youngest Territory.

FINGERS AND TOES AT A DISCOUNT.

British philosophers have of late been somewhat perturbed over what seems a very simple question. They cannot agree as to what is the best way to count. Americans who have had occasion to use British money will not be surprised that some new means of counting should be thought desirable in England. But it appears that this phase of the subject is not the one under discussion. No thorough-going Briton entertains any doubt as to the perfection of the British system of counting money. What they do question is whether the decimal system of computing other things is the perfect method that its French originators think it.

At first thought it seems as if there could be but one answer to that question, the advantages of the decimal system are so patent. Yet so keen a thinker as Mr. Herbert Spencer does not hesitate to affirm that a quite different system of counting would be superior to this familiar one. He calls attention to the fact of 100 not being evenly divisible by 8 as an obvious defect, and suggests that the number 60, which is evenly divisible by 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, would be in some regards a more satisfactory standard. Lord Kelvin, however, upholds the decimal system.

Of course every one understands that the decimal system has been almost universally employed by all peoples who have elaborated any system of counting whatever, and that the reason for this is that man chances to be endowed with ten fingers and ten toes. Various ways in which primitive peoples name the numerals—as "a whole hand and one" for 6; "both hands and one toe" for 11; "the whole" for 20, and the like—have afforded great interest to the ethnologist. But while this mode of origin of the usual method of counting is perfectly understood, yet such is the power of custom that the average person will no doubt find it difficult to rid his mind of the idea that the number 10 differs inherently from the other numbers, and is peculiarly adapted to form the basis of mathematical systems, Mr. Spencer to the contrary notwithstanding.

In any event, when one reflects that the metrical system of computing weights, measures, and distances—which, whatever its defects, has obvious advantages over the systems it was intended to supplant—has made such comparatively slight progress in a century, one need have little fear of being obliged to learn a new system of counting in our generation. The divisible 60 will find it a very difficult task to supplant the orthodox 100, though the entire scientific world were to unite with England's greatest living philosopher in singing its praises.

REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD W. MEADE.

There was no better-known naval officer in the service than Rear-Admiral Richard W. Meade, who died unexpectedly in Washington on May 4. He was not yet sixty years old, and though he was retired two years ago at his own request, as the result of a difference of opinion with Mr. Cleveland's administration, he was still regarded as an officer whose services would be of value and available if they were needed. He was born in New York in October, 1837, and was a nephew of General Meade who commanded at Gettysburg. He was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1855, and fought gallantly and successfully in the civil war. His work on the Mississippi was officially commended by Admiral Porter in 1862. His services in command of the *Marblehead*, off South Carolina, in December, 1863, were commended by Captain Balch, and he was thanked in general orders by Admiral Dahlgren for gallant conduct in the face of the enemy. He was again officially thanked by Commodore Palmer for services in Louisiana in January, 1865. He cruised, in 1871-3, in the *Narragansett* in the Pacific, and was commended by the Secretary of the Navy for various important services on this cruise, and particularly for judgment and skill in negotiating a treaty with the Samoan Islands. He was commissioned Captain in March, 1880, commanded the *Vandalia* in a long cruise of thirty-nine months, and was very highly commended by his admiral for efficiency as a commanding officer. In September, 1887, he assumed command of the navy-yard at Washington, and in August, 1894, of the North Atlantic Squadron. He was retired in May, 1895, after forty years' service.

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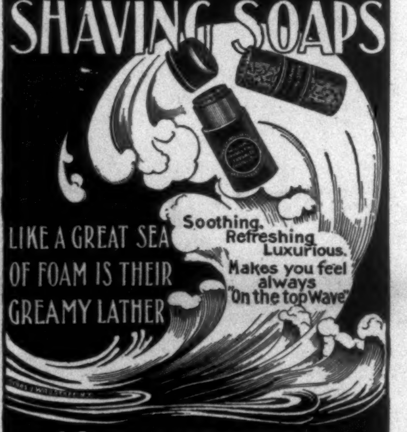

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AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF NOTES FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

A TALK ABOUT RULES AND CLUBS.

WHATEVER the difference of view between England and America in the matter of the propriety of playing for club sweepstakes, or for playing a professional with a small stake on the result, there are certain questions of the rules on which both countries unite in desiring an answer. Mr. Macdonald, captain of the Chicago Club and vice-president of the United States Golf Association, has written to the present writer on the matter, and the latter has communicated the substance of his remarks to *Golf*, the principal golfing paper in Great Britain. The points emphasized by Mr. Macdonald as requiring definition relate (1) to the rule authorizing the replacement of a ball knocked away by an opponent's ball, (2) the rule forbidding the touching of anything, except while taking stance, when the ball lies in a bunker, and (3) the rule relating to lost ball. There are other points that Mr. Macdonald mentions, but they do not reveal in quite such naked simplicity a need for further elucidation, and the ways of supplying the needs are not quite so obvious.

With respect to the first and last of those rules which seem in need of definition, a very simple addition is all that either requires. To satisfy the first requirement it is only necessary to say that the option of replacement shall be exercised before the ball is played, which, after the exercise of the option, shall be farther from the hole. (It is necessary to insert "after the option is exercised," because the replacement may alter the relative distances of the two balls from the hole.) And with regard to the lost-ball rule, Mr. Macdonald's difficulty being that the rule makes no provision for the case of both sides losing a ball, it seems only necessary to add that in this event the hole shall be considered halved, irrespective of the number of strokes that each side may have played. Now and again, no doubt, this might work unfairly, when the side which had played but two strokes to the other's twenty-two should happen to lose the ball, but the supposed case would seldom occur—so seldom that it may perhaps be overlooked. It is impossible to legislate for every possibility.

The rule relating to the touching of sand in a bunker no doubt works unjustly now and then—a man may inadvertently carry his club at the trail, and so touch the sand with it as he enters the bunker. (Mr. Macdonald cites a case in which an opponent claimed the hole because the player let his hat drop into the bunker before playing out of it.) The remedy for this occasional injustice is not so readily apparent as in the other instances cited, but Mr. Macdonald himself offers a suggestion which seems to take all trouble away. His suggestion, most simple and efficacious, is that the area within which it is forbidden to touch the surface of the bunker should be confined to a radius of a club's length from the ball. It is difficult to see how the most uncompromising tory could object to these alterations—which in point of fact are, in two cases out of three, merely further definitions of rules; and in the case of the bunker-touching rule, the sentiment of conservatism should really be on the side of the alteration, for it is in the nature of a reaction, the old rule in respect to the touching of sand having been much less stringent, and fully as liberal as Mr. Macdonald's proposal.

Lately it has happened to the writer to be golfing under circumstances which perhaps conduce to a lax view on the rules of golf—on the "links," namely, of Las Palmas, in the Grand Canary. It is necessary to put the local description within quotation marks to indicate that the name is used in metaphorical sense only, and because the term "green"—the common designation of inland golf-grounds—is still less appropriate. The nature of the soil at Las Palmas is of crumbly sun-dried clay. Thus far, as being of clayey nature, the course conforms to the character of inland greens, and though giving a full and beautiful view of the sea, it lies high above it, and is in no sense a "seaside links." So far, however, from being aptly described by "green," there is scarcely a blade of verdure on these "links," and their special interest lies in the witness they bear to the excellence (speaking relatively, of course) of the golf that it is possible for such unlikely-looking country to afford.

It is, indeed, a deal better than we often enjoy on some of our inland greens, and is played in a climate that, both summer and winter, is as near perfection as can be conceived. Only, for the reasonable enjoyment of the golf, it has been found necessary to take many liberties with the rules—to scrape away stones and crumbs of clay around the ball, until the result is virtually to tee it, and, except in competitions, to steady the ball by a finger held upon it while the earth-working operations are in progress. The putting "greens," so to speak of them, are good and true, formed by beating down the dried clay with a beater until the surface is hard, with a slight coating of pulverized clay. It seems quite worth while publishing the astonishing results that have been achieved with such unpromising raw material, if only by way of encouragement to other folks who may find themselves inclined to despair of constructing a reasonable golf-ground in the arid places of the earth. Of course the strange impertinencies perpetrated on the rules are much to be regretted, but it is difficult to see how golfing life, under the circumstances, could otherwise be tolerable; and, after all, we all proceed on the assumption, often rather far-fetched, that we play the game for pleasure.

The celebrated Mr. Jorrocks once propounded the prodigious question, "Who shall advise a man in the choice of a wife or an 'oss?" Had he been a golfer, he would no doubt have added a golf club to the list of those luxuries whose selection it was monstrous presumption to meddle with. The fact is that it is all very largely a matter of taste. Of course there are such things as bad clubs—bad without qualification—clubs with which if a man play decently it can only be by dint of long use or by virtue of some extraordinary personal qualities. Such clubs are the badly balanced ones, the crooked-shafted ones, the hook-nosed ones, and the whole category of cripples, not to speak of those which are made of green or brittle wood, and so have scarcely long enough life to be criticised. But for the rest there is no hard and fast line to be drawn. Short men play with long clubs, weak men play with heavy clubs, and both play well with instruments apparently so ill-adapted for their physical peculiarities. But besides these eccentricities we are able to trace certain more or less definite changes of fashion in golf clubs that have occurred since the game has ceased to be the exclusive property of Scotland.

The fashion in vogue is for short and light clubs. This is in some sort a return to a fashion of very ancient vogue, for there is nothing new under the sun. Hugh Philp, the master club-maker of a past generation, has handed down to us specimens of his craft, which also are light and short compared with those which were in general use a few years ago. Yet they differed very much in character from the clubs of to-day, for they were slender-shafted, and the heads, instead of being in the round fat shape affected by the moderns, were elegantly elongated. It is never a gracious thing to be praising our own inventions, but it cannot but seem that the round fat shape must be right mechanically, for it masses the weight of the head behind the point on which the ball is struck. If truth is ever obvious, it would appear so here. We think we may claim a definite advance on our golfing forefathers in this particular; and, further, experiment has shown that it is easier to drive straight with the rather bulged driver of to-day than with the long-faced clubs—originally made flat, but soon dented, by hitting, into something of a crescent-moon figure—of the past. It does not do, as has been noted, to be dogmatic in these matters, but certainly it does seem that shortness and lightness of club tend to straight and consistent driving, and however Hugh Philp and his contemporaries may have regarded the problem, it has come rather as a revelation to the present generation that nothing appreciable in length of drive is lost by shortening the club shaft, and that something appreciable in length of drive is gained by lightening the head.

It is the latter aspect of the case that strikes the practical golfer, who is seldom much of a theorist, as a startling novelty. A few years ago the notion in Great Britain used to be that the heavier the club the farther it would drive, provided the wielder were strong enough to use it properly. A fuller experience has seemed to teach us that truth lies nearer the opposite extreme—that the club's driving power is in direct proportion to its lightness, always granted that it be heavy enough to overcome without trouble the resistance of the ball. The reason is apparent to a moment's thought. The length of drive depends (given that the ball be struck by the right part of the club moving in the right direction) mainly on the speed of the club head at the moment of impact.

It is very much easier to make a light head travel fast than a heavy head. To illustrate the truth of this by an extravagant instance, it is easier to make a walking-stick travel fast than an iron crow bar. Both theory and practice, therefore, agree in informing us that we shall do wisely to make our clubs light and short; and, further, experience shows that we shall do well not to have too much spring in the shafts. It is very open to question whether the spring in the shaft has any effect in the way of added length of drive, but it is not open to question at all that it has the effect of making the driving less steady and less straight. Especially is it important that the shafts of clubs intended for approach play up to the hole—of the approaching-iron, the mashie, and the putter—should be stiff.

"Rigid" is the term which it has become usual of late to apply to them, as if the shaft and the iron of the hose were of one piece. This quality in an approaching-club is a great aid to steadiness and straightness, and has the further merit of pitching the ball deader than is possible off a shaft with spring. It certainly appears as if a little extra weight were wanted in the heads of clubs like brassies and driving-irons, which often have to take the ball out of heavy grasses or cuppy lies. A certain weight seems necessary, then, to overcome the resistance of the earth or coarse herbage in which the ball is embedded. But with the driver, which presumably is used only where the ball is teed or lies moderately clean, nothing but the mere weight of the ball should ever meet the club head in the course of the swing.

In Great Britain the use of the iron putter has become so universal that the wooden putter is hardly ever seen. Nevertheless, there are cases in which it might be used with advantage. For running up a long putt over roughish ground it is a better weapon than the iron putter, for it seems to give the ball a livelier run, with more jump about it, enabling the ball to pass lightly over the roughnesses, which off the iron putter it would strike more heavily, as it travelled more closely to the ground.

There are folks who find the use of the iron in approach almost a counsel of despair. Why will not these poor people try a short spoon—the old "baffy"? The stroke with the "baffy" is no less deadly than with the iron. It is a mode of approach that is far less severe on the green, and that it is an attractive stroke to watch no one who has seen it played by the late Sir Robert Hay can possibly deny. No doubt the approach played with cut off the iron or mashie will pitch with less run, but the use of the short wooden spoon is only commended to those who rarely play this iron approach stroke in perfection. It may be easier to play a very brilliant approach shot off iron than off the wood, but certainly it is far easier to play the stroke heinously badly; to cut behind the ball, so that it is but fluffed a few yards into the air, or, in fear of this disaster, to fall into the opposite extreme of topping the ball along the ground. All these things are so much more liable to occur with the iron than with the wood, and the stroke which is not feasible with the wood, and yet is within the achievement of the iron, offers itself comparatively so seldom that the balance in favor of the baffy in the hands of nine players out of ten would be heavy indeed. If the indifferent iron-player would only recognize this simple truth, a happier era would set in both for himself and for the green-keeper.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE LAKEWOOD OPEN TOURNAMENT marked the virtual opening of the metropolitan golfing season, for the results of the two February meetings (Ocean County Hunt and Baltusrol) are hardly worthy of consideration. Play under snow rules and over muddy putting-greens may be a healthy exercise, and even an amusing one, but it is assuredly not golf, and records so made ought not to count in the final summing up of the year's work. At Lakewood the sultry weather and the adamantine hardness of the turf were disturbing factors, but otherwise the conditions were fair for good play. I say fair advisedly, for even at its best Lakewood is far from being an ideal golf course.

In the first place, there are but nine holes, and two of them (the second and the seventh) come under the detestable category of "levellers," or holes at which it is possible to bungle a full shot and yet be on the green in the same number of strokes as your opponent who has played perfect golf. It is true that at both of these holes there are cop-bunkers to catch a straight-topped ball, but a pulled one has still an excellent chance of escape. Tyng, indeed, met with this precise piece of undeserved good fortune in playing the second hole on the first round of his finals with Toler. He drove the ball along the ground and widely to the left, so that with his second he was able to cut the corner of the bunker for a straight road to the green. As it happened, the result of the play was not affected, since Toler had driven into the bunker; but it might have made all the difference between the winning and the halving of the hole. The third hole is also open to criticism in the position of the only bunker. The hole measures 177 yards, and the hazard is placed fifteen yards or so in front of the green. To clear it, a player must get a carry of 160 yards with his tee shot; and how many are there of our amateurs who will back themselves to accomplish the feat, when failure means so much? As a natural result, one plays up short with a cleek and then lofts over, and a hole that should be a pretty constant three is converted into a four. But enough of the demerits of the course. As Dr. Johnson said about the dancing bears, it is a wonder that they dance at all; and as we drive and putt over the mathematically level stretches of the Lakewood country, we may feel properly grateful that the golf is as good as it is.

TWENTY-THREE CLUBS WERE REPRESENTED among the starters for the preliminary medal round on Thursday, and forty-six cards were returned—a big field indeed. There were some familiar names missing, notably W. H. Sands, Livermore, Armstrong, and Stoddart, of the old St. Andrews contingent. And even more surprising was the almost entire absence of the younger element—Cutting, Ward, Terry, Bayard, Hollins, Vanderpool; none of whom were on hand—a defection presumably owing to the pressure of college duties. But this non-appearance is nevertheless a matter for regret, for our golf needs just this younger element for its proper development. Perhaps the coming inter-collegiate tournament may stir things up a bit, but it looks as though the colleges were not as yet alive to the possibilities of the game. Of the new men who did appear, none, with the exception of Robbins (St. Andrews), proved dangerous, and Toler was hardly at his best when he met him in the first match round.

THE REAL CONTEST, AS FORESHADOWED by the preliminary round, was narrowed down to a triangular duel between Tyng (Morris County), Toler (Baltusrol), and Fenn (Palmetto). Fenn came up from Aiken with the prestige of the Southern championship and the advantage of all-winter practice, while Tyng and Toler have been having it hot and heavy of late over the Baltusrol links, with the advantage slightly in favor of the latter. Toler, however, was out of condition from the effects of a recent attack of the grippe, and the battle royal was waged between Tyng and Fenn in the semi-finals. By strokes the match was not particularly good golf, though both men did brilliant work at times, and Tyng's long putting was a great feature. But *the* stroke of the match was Tyng's superb brassie shot at the seventeenth hole. His drive had left him short of the first bunker (210 yards from the tee), and to drive this and the second line of fence called for a carry of at least one hundred and seventy yards. The Morris County champion was one up with two to go, and it seemed a risky chance to take. But success justifies anything, and the workmanlike way in which the shot was brought off well deserved the applause that it received.

TOLER LOST THE FINALS because he could not drive, and he was especially weak on his second shots, being bunkered no fewer than five times on the outward round. But then Tyng put up a game that was practically unbeatable, a couple of short putts being the only serious mistakes fairly chargeable against him. He went away with a rush, scoring the first four holes in thirteen strokes, and showing perfect command of every club in his set. Toler's game, on the contrary, was of the erratic order—lamentable errors, both of judgment and execution, followed by brilliant recoveries and excellent work on the greens. It was a plucky game to watch, but not a winning one against Tyng's machinelike accuracy.

To sum up, Tyng won his double first (gold medal for lowest score in the preliminary medal round, and the Laurel-in-the-Pines Cup) by work that was at once brilliant and steady—in a word, winning golf. Unflinching nerve, infinite carefulness, and dogged determination are the three prominent characteristics of his play, and a man possessed of these qualifications will always be a dangerous antagonist in any line of rivalry. Toler ought to be playing better than ever before, and as driving has always been a strong card with him, he may have his revenge before long. As a matter of record I append the results of the several competitions:

Lowest score in preliminary round—Tyng, 86. Laurel-in-the-Pines Cup—Tyng (Morris County) beat Toler (Baltusrol) 3 up and 2 to play. Consolation Cup—Larocque (Shinnecock) beat Bowers (St. Andrews) 1 up. Handicap won by Brown (St. Andrews), 95 − 12 = 83. Lowest gross score—Toler (Baltusrol), 88.

SOMEWHAT AS A RESULT of the Lakewood tournament was the thirty-six-hole match which followed quickly between Toler and Fenn. Tyng having defeated each at Lakewood left them in perplexity as to the better of the two, a state of mind quieted only by a practical test. So it was arranged to decide the question on the course of the Knollwood Country Club.

Toler had not done himself justice the previous week at Lakewood, and at Knollwood the match was less exciting than it might have been had Fenn played in his best form. At top form these two are very evenly matched, but Toler won easily last week by five up and four to play, making

the first round in eighty-nine strokes, and the second, including the bye-holes, in eighty-five—a total score of 174.

GOLFING INTEREST CENTRES for the moment on the forth-coming inter-collegiate team and individual championships to be played on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of this month on the Ardsley Club links. The individual championship is to be decided (on the 12th) by medal play, and if Cutting and Curtiss of Harvard, Reid and Terry of Yale, and Bayard and Vanderpool of Princeton all compete, there will be an exciting struggle for the title.

It is in the team championship, however, that most interest lies, for Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and possibly Pennsylvania are each to be represented by six men, and with a few individual exceptions, very little is known of their comparative strength. It will be the first inter-collegiate tournament, and somewhat of a revelation as to the progress golf has made at the universities. Among local golfers there is a feeling that Yale's chances of success are the best of the lot, but how much of this impression is superinduced by local loyalty, and how much of it is warranted by the prowess of the New Haven players, will not be known until the ending of the present week.

YALE HAS LATELY PLAYED two matches—one against the strong Staten Island Club team, which she lost, and another against the Dyker Meadow Club, which she won. John Reid, Jr., has thus far shown the cleverest game of the Yale team. On the Dyker Meadow links he not only defeated his opponent, but established a new record of eighty-six strokes for the eighteen holes, the previous record of eighty-eight having been made last year by so good a golfer as Mr. Daniel Chauncey. Yale's next strongest man seems to be Roderick Terry, Jr., captain of the team, and a player of exceeding promise. W. R. Betts and W. B. Smith are, at this writing, sure of places, and the remaining two will be chosen from F. C. Havemeyer, Craig Colgate, S. A. Smith, and H. T. Kneeland, Jr.

Harvard will be represented by a team of whom four are good enough to shake the confidence of Yale's adherents. If Cutting, Curtiss, Choate, and Captain Gannett play as well at Ardsley this week as recently they have played, the contest will be close and interesting. Burden is the fifth man, and the other has not at this time been definitely decided upon.

FOUR OF PRINCETON'S TEAM are chosen—Captain W. D. Vanderpool, L. P. Bayard, Jr., P. D. Stockley, and R. H. Poole. Of these Bayard is the best on public performance, and Vanderpool is known to be very good. The remaining two positions will be selected from O. W. Jackson, J. Stuart, J. I. Blair, W. A. W. Stewart, and F. Sturges, none of whom has a formidable public record.

Columbia's team has not been chosen; but judging from the number of men playing this year, and the very fair form shown, the six finally determined upon will, under Captain Stuyvesant F. Morris, Jr., make a much stronger team than the one which met Yale last year in a dual competition.

Pennsylvania is not certain of sending a team, and her golfers, one and all, are an unknown quantity.

Whatever the outcome of the tournament, each one of the competing universities is to be congratulated on stimulating interest among undergraduates in this truly royal and ancient out-of-door game. We are all glad to see it added to the regular list of inter-collegiate contests, even though university men have seemed unaccountably slow in recognizing its merits. That it will not henceforth languish I am certain. Although the expression is a bit time-worn, it is as true now as ever—that once a golfer, is to be always a golfer.

THE ENGLISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP marked this year what, if I mistake not, our own championship will (to a lesser degree, because we are all younger at the game) accentuate next September (about the 21st) at Chicago—viz., the success of the younger element. We had some forewarning of what the near future is certain to develop from this quarter, last year, when the two Havemeyer boys—H. O., Jr., and F. C.—beat Tyng and Toler, two of the very best of our first class, in the open amateur foursomes at Newport; again when Cutting, in the amateur championships at Shinnecock, lost his round by a narrow margin to Sweny, and subsequently won the Officers' Consolation Cup—after tying Park at 85; and again, in the same tournament, when Bayard gave champion Whigham a close contest in the first match round. Since last autumn all these younger players have improved, and others are forth-coming to help make uncertain the positions in American golfing classification at present held by older players.

THE MOST PROMINENT of the veterans entered for the English championships, which had, by-the-way, seventy-four entries, ten more than last year, were F. G. Tait, the '96 champion; Leslie Balfour-Melville, the title-holder in '95; John Ball, Jr., winner in '94, '92, '90, and '88; John E. Laidley, winner in '91 and '89; Horace G. Hutchinson, the well-known expert, and champion in '87 and '86; and H. H. Hilton, open champion in '92 and runner-up in the amateur event in '91, '92, and '96.

In other words, with the exception of Mr. Anderson, who defeated Mr. Laidley for the honor in '93, all of England's amateur champions for the last ten years started in the '97 tournament. Of these only Mr. Balfour-Melville reached the semi-finals.

In the very first round Ball was defeated by R. Maxwell, a young player hitherto unknown beyond his home links, who in the fourth round also beat Hilton, but succumbed in the fifth to James Robb, another young player who eventually won the championship by defeating A. J. T. Allan, after he had beaten Balfour-Melville. Laidley was the next ex-champion to have his colors lowered by one of the rising generation of modern golf, and after him Hutchinson, Tait, and, after he had defeated the conqueror of Tait, Balfour-Melville—the last of the ex-champions to survive.

COLLEGE BASEBALL BEGAN THIS YEAR with some of the best work we have ever seen at the opening of the season, and although there has been the inevitable loose play on occasions that characterizes first games, the general form is notably good for the first week in May. Not a team, save Harvard, has failed to equal expectations, and Harvard's exception is not unusual.

Princeton, as last year, has made the best record for the opening weeks, and seems likely, much more than in '96, to hold it. There is a marked difference in the play of last year's and this year's Princeton nine at this time of the season. Over-confidence last spring created loose play and errors; we have seen but little of either thus far this spring, and congratulate Princeton upon the improvement.

OF THE CHAMPION '96 NINE, Titus, catcher, Gunster, third base, and Ward, short stop, are the only ones not returned. But the team is none the weaker. Kafer easily takes Titus's place, and will likely prove a more valuable man before the season is over. Butler is not quite the fielder Ward was, but he has been batting so hard that he now leads the team. Barrett was doing well at third, but recently has fallen off, and may eventually lose his place to Sankey, who was beaten out in the race for second by Smith. Individually the men have been meeting the requirements of the play demanded at this period of the team's development.

None has done poorly, and some have exceeded themselves—markedly Kelly, Bradley, Butler, and, of the substitutes, Jayne and Hildebrand. Wilson is not yet at top form.

As a team the batting is strong, Butler, Kafer, Altman, Easton, and Bradley leading, and the fielding excellent, but the base-running is poor, and must be greatly improved. It is not nearly so good as last year.

THE FIRST TEST OF PRINCETON'S strength came with the Cornell game two weeks ago, and although a couple of Cornell errors contributed to Princeton's winning score (6–2), her success was entirely due to the clean, consistent work which has characterized Princeton this season in the field and at the bat.

But Princeton's crucial test was last Saturday, when for the first time in three years the nine met Brown on the latter's grounds. Brown has put forth a first-class nine for several years, and that of this season is no exception. It is, in fact, practically the same as represented the college in '96, Robinson, the heavy batting right-fielder, being the only loss. It is strong at the bat, has a battery of long experience and more than average skill, and an in-field that is probably the best drilled and sharpest playing one in college baseball. Brown is very fast and accurate; and its dashing work has resulted in more double plays than credited to any of the other teams on its schedule. Twice she has defeated Harvard this season by splendid all-round work, and she lost to Yale, not because she played poorly, but because Yale more skilfully bunched her hits and ran bases better.

Had Brown played so strong a game against Princeton as she put up at New Haven, Princeton's winning score (11–4) would not have been so large. But the importance of the game seemed to weigh heavily upon her usually steady players, and five errors were charged against them in the nine innings. In fact, Princeton looked a winner, almost from the start, and certainly after the third innings. Brown was too anxious to win the game, and the intensity of the desire upset her men. Princeton was no doubt equally concerned in the winning, but her team gave no similar evidences of the wish, and escaped with but two errors.

Each team had in its most reliable catcher, and used both of its strongest pitchers, and in pitching honors fell to Princeton, although all were batted somewhat freely, as was to be expected. Princeton made two runs each in the first, second, seventh, and ninth innings, and three in the third; Brown made one run each in the first and second, and two in the fourth.

HARVARD OUGHT TO BE PLAYING a very strong game, but her work has been weak and listless—a condition that seems to suggest either too much work or not sufficient interest. The result is the same, whatever the cause. Of last year's nine, eight are at present playing, Clarkson, the centre-fielder, being the only absentee, and his place is filled by Beale, who has seen 'varsity baseball service before. Thus there are Paine and Scannell for battery, Haughton, Dean, and Stevenson on bases, Chandler at short, Rand and Burgess left and right field respectively; precisely as they played in '96. Last year the nine opened the season weakly, and continued so until the second Princeton game; and it looks as though no better record is to be made this year. The men have good ball-playing in them, for they finished strongly last year; but it seems to take an unnecessarily long time to bring it out. At present their best does not seem equal to finishing better than fourth, and unless some settlement to work comes very shortly, there is no telling where they will stand at the end of the season.

THE RECORD UP TO THIS WRITING shows two defeats by Brown and one by Dartmouth. The playing of Harvard in her recent games has, in fact, been characterized by a total inability to bunch hits or to play fast in the field or on the bases, while repeated errors have thrown away many chances. The team is very feeble at the bat, and the base-running is ill-judged and slipshod.

Individually the battery and out-field are satisfactory, but Haughton, Stevenson, Chandler, are not up to form. Dean has never been a first-class second-base man, but his earnestness and untiring fidelity to his work have made him a very satisfactory man for the position. He has improved somewhat in fielding, but thus far has been weak at bat. Harvard has the making of a strong nine, but at present there is no snappy team-work or aggressive play that marks the well-balanced nine. The team is emphatically slow, and cannot hope to defeat such teams as Princeton and Brown while in its present state.

YALE BEGAN THE SEASON with only four of her last year's team—Keator, centre field; Letton, first base; Greenway, pitcher; Fincke, third base; but she will end the year, if I mistake not, with a stronger nine than the one of '96. I have not seen at any of the colleges a more likely lot of young players than Yale has developed this spring, and the best game I have witnessed this season was that put up by these same youngsters against the veteran Brown nine, certainly one of the strongest college teams in the country; they defeated Brown, 6–2, by bunching their hits, by the cleverest base-running except on two occasions, by good battery-work, and by clean, sharp fielding. Yale has not shown such form in every game this season—in fact, her display generally has been rather mediocre; all of which is to be somewhat expected from a team five of whose nine men are new to the 'varsity. Wesleyan, Lafayette, and University of Virginia have defeated her, but not when she was playing her full strength and in form. Yale depends again this year on Greenway for pitching the important games, though a substitute of some promise is found in Fearey, who plays left field, and is one of the heavy batters of the team.

THE OTHER BATTERY POSITION is being filled by Bartlett, who, though not so good as Murphy, will work into an acceptable catcher if none better is forth-coming. Against Brown he caught a good game, made a safe hit, and spoiled it by poorly judged base-running which put him out at the home plate. The out-field is good with Keator, Fearey, and Wallace, but the in-field needs a little more snap in its work. The difference between the Yale and Brown in-fields was most noticeable in their New Haven game. Yale's was very slow in comparison, but comparison with Brown's in-field means comparison with the sharpest in-field on any college team playing ball to-day.

Camp's fielding is fairly quick, and of late has been accurate; he made a great stop and throw to first in the Brown game. Hamlin can improve at second in fielding, which should be much sharper, and also in his base-running. His batting partially makes amends for other shortcomings. Hamlin, Keator, Greenway, and Camp, in fact, are the heavy hitters of the team, though Fearey is somewhat entitled to be so classified since the Brown game.

But the Yale team can in no way be called a heavy-hitting one. The fact is that Yale has a team composed of half old and half new players, none of whom, outside of Captain Keator and Greenway, is a notable performer. But the Brown game showed steadiness at critical points, bunched hits, and, on the average, excellent base-running. These are the points on which most young teams, and many old ones, are weak. Therefore, it seems to me, the nine's exhibition against Brown gives promise of a strong team.

IN BOTH BASEBALL AND TRACK ATHLETICS Cornell is sure to make her best showing this year. The nine played a first-class game against Princeton, and revealed superior work to any done by either Harvard or Pennsylvania. In fact, unless the latter does much better work than has characterized the generality of her games Cornell will surely win the first Pennsylvania game on the 18th. The Cornell battery, as it played against Princeton, is very strong. A new pitcher has been discovered in Freshman Bole, who seems to have great possibilities. He held Princeton's heavy batters down to eight hits, which is credit enough for such a youngster. Young makes a trustworthy back stop, and his throwing to second kept Princeton down to one stolen base. Generally speaking, Cornell played a steady, consistent game. The second and third base men, Kingsley and Cook, do not fill the requirements of the position, but these places are not yet filled definitely, and Cornell has time before her next important game to strengthen them, and also to improve her batting, which is only fair.

Cornell's coaching system, *i. e.*, reliance upon her four great captains—Young, '94; Taylor, '93; Johnson, '95; and Field, '91—inspires confidence in her ability to strengthen the weak spots, and make this year the best all-round baseball record in her history.

PROSPECTS FOR SUCCESS are not so good in track athletics as in baseball, but that is largely because Cornell is really only just beginning the development of a track team. There can, of course, be no hope of winning the dual meet with Pennsylvania on the 15th, but there should be much encouragement contained in the continued better showing Cornell has been making each year for the last three. At the recent university games four Cornell records were made—broad jump, by Becker, 21 ft. 1 in.; 220 yards, by Daniels, 22⅘ s.; shot, by Lueder, 37 ft. 3 in.; mile walk, by Zeller, 7 m. 22 s.

Cornell seems to have no possible first-place winners against Pennsylvania, unless it be Daniels and Thompson, who have done 10⅕ s. for the 100 yards; Daniels, 22⅘ s. for the 220; Taylor, who does 51 s. in the quarter; and Powell, who last Saturday cleared 6 ft. 2 in. in the high jump. If Pennsylvania's sprinter, Hoffman, is in form, however, there will be small chance for Cornell winning five points in either the 100 or 220 yard dash.

The Cornell-Syracuse track meet on Saturday, won by Cornell, 66 to 46, was made especially notable by the surprisingly strong showing of Syracuse. In fourteen events they won six first and four second places, revealing two exceptional men in C. D. Whittemore and H. G. Lee. Whittemore won the 100 yds. in 10 s., the 220 yds. in 22⅗ s., and the broad jump at 22 ft. 1 in.; while Lee, in addition to finishing a close second in the first, and a good third in the second, captured the 440 yds. in 50⅗ s., and the pole vault at 10 ft.

SOME OF THE SURPRISES promised for the Harvard-Pennsylvania track games eventuated last Saturday. Harvard won by only two points (57 to 55), on a foul committed by Orton, which lost him the place in the half-mile. But for that the score would have been a tie at 56 points. Pennsylvania revealed great and unexpected strength. Every man equalled his record, and several surpassed it. Hoffman did the 100 and 220 in 10 s. and 22 s., Winsor the high jump in 6 ft. 2¼ in., Remington the broad in 22 ft. 8 in. Of Harvard, Hollister did great work, winning the 440 in 50⅕ s. and the half in 1 m. 57⅗ s. E. H. Clarke outdid himself, and saved the day for Harvard by a put of 40 ft. 4¼ in.

Harvard scored six firsts, nine seconds, and eight thirds, against Pennsylvania's eight firsts, five seconds, and six thirds.

Harvard's showing against Pennsylvania reduces her chances of winning against Yale. They are still a trifle the better, but it is really a flip of a coin as to the winner. It looks at this writing like the most even meeting the two have had.

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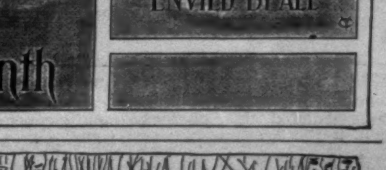

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